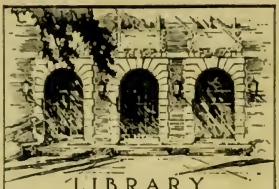

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
H179i
v.3

THE IRISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

VOLUME III.

Lately published.

THE WIFE;

OR,

A MODEL FOR WOMEN:

A Tale, in Three Volumes.

By Mrs. Edgeworth.

MANFRONE;

OR,

THE ONE-HANDED MONK:

A Romance, in Four Volumes.

By Mary Anne Radcliffe.

THE

Irishwoman in London,

A MODERN NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

ANN HAMILTON.

" I will a round unvarnished tale unfold."

SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME III.

London:
PRINTED FOR J. F. HUGHES,
15, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1810.

FOWLER, LEICESTER.

J. Dennett Printer, Leather Lane, London.

823
H179i
v.3

THE

IRISHWOMAN

IN

LONDON.

CHAPTER XII.

A Welch Tale—I am found guilty of sinning against all forms by relieving distress.

I SHALL give you Mary's story in my own way, as hers was rather circumlocutious.—She was born in Westmorland, and with her parents, who were peasants, removed to Wales, while she was yet very young. Mary was the youngest of three children, all daughters, and her parents' pet. Her two elder sisters had removed to London,

while she was a child, and were servants in respectable families. Mary was the darling of her mother in particular, and received every indulgence that the lowly situation of her parents would admit of.

Near their cottage was the beautiful seat of Mr. Saxby, which, during a period of twelve years, had never been visited by its opulent owner.

When Mary was about eighteen, Mr. Saxby came to spend a month at his seat, accompanied by a lady who was called Miss Melville; what relation she was to Mr. Saxby was not known, but he said they were related, and from the austerity with which he treated her, and the apparent restraint she felt in his presence, it was supposed he possessed unlimited power over her.

At the expiration of the month, Mr. Saxby returned to London, leaving Miss Melville at Myrtle Dale, in the care of

an old and trusty servant, who strictly followed his master's orders not to suffer her to stir unaccompanied by himself.

In a short time after, the young lady's female attendant was taken ill, and soon died. Mary's mother was hired in her place, and she obtained permission for her daughter to reside with her in the mansion-house. Mary, who was naturally compassionate, pitied poor Miss Melville extremely: she was pretty and sweet-tempered, but appeared always devoured by melancholy and chagrin; and once or twice, Mary, who frequently waited on her, surprised her in tears.

Thomas, Mr. Saxby's old servant, said Miss Melville was his master's ward, as well as relation, and that it was to prevent her forming an imprudent marriage that she was thus closely confined.

Girls, especially country girls, have a natural sympathy for *true loviers*. It appeared excessively hard to Mary that Mr. Saxby should prevent the poor young lady's having a man she loved, when Thomas owned she would be very rich as soon as she came of age, and he was a very good gentleman, only he had no fortune. Mary, from the time she heard this account felt the strongest interest for Miss Melville, an interest which the melancholy sweetness of her behaviour was calculated to increase.

One day when Miss Melvilie had, as usual, received letters from London, Mary remained in the room, and pretended to be busy in adjusting something while she read them. She suddenly exclaimed, " No, Saxby, I will die sooner than become your victim," and burst into tears.

This was too much for the com-

passionate Mary, to whom suicide, in consequence of being crossed in love, presented itself directly, as she surveyed the pale and agonized countenance of Miss Melville, and she hastily exclaimed, " dear me, ma'am, don't talk in this dreadful way. I am sure I would sooner do any thing in the world than you should put an end to your precious life. Only think what a thing it is, ma'am, to be buried in the cross-roads, and then, Lord have mercy on your poor miserable soul—its a shame that Thomas won't let you go to church, I am sure it would do you a great deal of service to hear what parson said last Sunday about the necessity of repenting of our sins, and how can we repent if we put an end to ourselves, you know ma'am—"

Miss Melville now interrupted her

loquacious attendant, with an assurance that she had no thoughts of any such desperate step, and a desire to be left alone, with which Mary very unwillingly complied.

From this time Miss Melville was more familiar with her than she had been before, and Mary was not a little proud of the notice and kindness with which her mistress, (as she called Miss Melville) treated her.

She still, however, had her doubts and fears. Stories of the apparitions of people who had made away with themselves for love, and who were nightly seen to hover about the cross-roads where their bodies were deposited, were daily repeated to Miss Melville, by the ignorant but well-meaning Mary, and was what probably suggested to her the first idea of making this girl the means of her escape. She

told Mary, after the strictest injunctions of secresy, that Mr. Saxby, who was a very distant relation of hers, had been appointed her guardian by her deceased father, and she was restricted from marrying without his consent, till she attained the age of twenty-one, of which she then wanted two years.

After that period he had no power over either her person or fortune, which she was at liberty to dispose of as she pleased. A young gentleman who had loved her from her childhood, recently made proposals to Mr. Saxby for her. This gentleman was in every respect, but that of fortune, unexceptionable, and as hers was a very large one, Mr. Saxby made the inequality of their circumstances the ostensible reason for refusing his consent; but his real one was a wish to marry Miss Melville himself, and he directly proposed to

her as soon as he dismissed Mr. Harlow.

She frankly told her guardian, Mr. Harlow had her heart, and no other man should ever have her hand. Mr. Saxby affected to treat her regard for her lover as a mere childish prepossession, and tried, but in vain, to bribe her into a marriage with himself, by the most splendid offers of settling her own fortune, with a large addition from his on her.

He called in too, the assistance of jewels, a splendid establishment, and all the etceteras, which, in these *prudent* days, some ladies think more of than the good or ill qualities of the man to whom they unite themselves for life; and it is not till satiated, as they soon must be with the enjoyment of those glittering gewgaws, that they feel the misery to which they have bound themselves, by taking a 'loveless,

joyless vow,' is more severe than any that can result from mere poverty alone.

But I run sadly from my subject—Miss Melville was proof against the whole artillery of Plutus, and Mr. Saxby was so enraged at what he termed her obstinacy, that he laid a plan to get her from the house of a relation, with whom she then resided, and brought her to Myrtle Grove, where he vowed she should remain, either till she was of age, or consented to become Mrs. Saxby. Miss Melville added, she would not think much of a confinement to which she was certain two years must put a period, but she feared in the mean time, Mr. Saxby might, by some insidious story, shake her lover's faith in her constancy, and therefore she wished, if possible, to effect her escape to the relation, from

whose protection Mr. Saxby had decoyed her.

Mary was sadly at a loss. She knew not well how to refuse Miss Melville; yet if she complied with her desire, and it afterwards became known, Mary would not only have to encounter the displeasure of her parents, but they would be severely injured in being deprived of the favour of Mr. Saxby, who was their landlord. Miss Melville saw her hesitation, and the positive assurance she gave, that in a short time she would remit a sum more than sufficient to indemnify her family for any loss Mary's kindness to her might occasion, rendered the girl willing to do every thing in her power to forward the young lady's escape. It was effected—Mr. Saxby came to the Grove directly. Of Thomas's fidelity he entertained no doubts; but Mary and

her mother were very strictly examined. He saw immediately that the latter was innocent; but poor Mary denied the charge brought against her with such evident trepidation and embarrassment that he was convinced she was guilty; and in the frenzy of his passion he vowed to ruin her parents in return for the unhappiness Miss Melville's flight occasioned him.

The entreaties of old Thomas, and the supplications of Mary's mother, however, diverted him from his purpose, and he returned to London.

The discovery of her connivance in Miss Melville's flight was the cause of much domestic uneasiness to Mary, and to add to it, Thomas, a man nearly old enough to be her grandfather, made her an offer of marriage, which her parents insisted on her accepting. Mary's dislike to a mercenary marriage was equal to Miss Melville's, and she

now heartily wished she had accompanied that young lady in her flight. She was, however, in daily expectation of hearing from her, and of receiving the money Miss Melville had promised, which, she thought might be the means of inducing her mother, who was particularly strenuous in urging her acceptance of Thomas, to allow her the liberty of rejecting him..

Day after day, however, passed, and no letter or money arrived, and spite of all Mary's repugnance, the banns of marriage between her and Thomas were actually once published.

An expedient to avoid the match now entered the girl's head, which was as romantic and impracticable as that of any heroine in romance. It was to go to London and endeavour to find out her sisters, from whom she had not heard for a long time.

When they first left home they wrote frequently, and her father generally got the clerk of the parish to answer their letters; but none of them had been preserved, and consequently there was no clue to find them out by. Mary, whose idea of London was taken from the little town of ———, the only one she had ever seen; supposed that as they lived in some of the great squares, it must be impossible not to find them.

The small stock of money she had hoarded would certainly, she thought, enable her to reach London on foot; and making a bundle of what few things she possessed, she set out on her journey.

When Miss Melville quitted Myrtle Grove, she presented Mary with some of her clothes, which her mother had sold, except the dress in which I first saw her, and which Mary was

determined to keep in remembrance, she said of the giver.

This dress she very carefully put in her parcel, for as she always understood that people were wonderful smart in London, she thought it would be proper for her to be as fine as possible when she visited her sisters.

Poor Mary's journey was attended with hardships she had not foreseen; but as she was strong and hardy, she surmounted them, and arrived safely in London; but the termination of her travels was the end of her cash also; and when she reached London she had but a few halfpence remaining.

The immense size of the city, and the bustle and confusion that she witnessed, was so different to any thing she had ever before seen, that it equally astonished and dismayed the poor girl, who, not knowing how to

proceed, or which way to begin her enquiries, sat down on the steps of a magnificent house, and burst into tears.

A wōman who was passing at the moment, stopped to enquire what ailed her, and listened with an appearance of incredulity to her tale; but when she concluded, by saying that till she could find out her sisters she knew not what to do for a lodging, and had no money to get one. The woman after surveying her bundle, told her she might go home with her for that night.

Those only who have known what it is to be in the most forlorn and wretched situation, can conceive the joy with which Mary accepted this apparently friendly offer.

The woman led her through a number of courts and alleys, to a small and

very mean house. When she was a little rested, her hostess procured her some bread and milk, and again interrogated her as to what probability there was of discovering her sisters. Mary could only repeat that they lived in some of the very grand squares; but the woman assured her that was no clue at all. However, she offered to accompany her the next day in search of them.

Fatigue and a good conscience procured poor Mary an excellent night's rest, and she rose in the morning, full of hope and spirits. She took from her bundle the muslin-dress and mantle I have before mentioned, in order, as she said, to do credit to her sisters. Her hostess in vain assured her it was much too fine and showy, and that her Sunday suit was infinitely preferable. Mary would at least try it on.

Where is the female heart (or indeed male one either) absolutely proof against vanity?

Mary looked really well in her fine dress, and notwithstanding all the remonstrances of her hostess, she would wear it. Her Sunday-hat, shoes, and gloves were added, and leaving, at her new friend's desire, her bundle behind her, they set off together. Finsbury Square was the nearest to them, and there the woman conducted her. The artful creature sent the poor girl into a baker's shop to commence her enquiries, and then disappeared. Mary, as may be supposed, was unsuccessful; but when she came out, and could not find her pretended friend, her distress was inconceivable.

The whole entire day she wandered about without tasting food, and to add to her perplexities, it began to rain. Night came on, and the poor girl im-

plored a shelter at several mean houses, but in vain. A party of those unhappy women who nightly disgrace our streets, attacked her with some violence, and her muslin-dress suffered considerably in her struggles to disengage herself from them. A fashionable-looking young man who was passing, rescued her, with an execration, from the grasp of one of those female furies, and saying he would protect her, desired her to take his arm, but Mary soon found he was very much intoxicated, and preferring any danger to that of remaining with him, she slipped her arm away, and ran forward with a speed that mocked all his efforts to overtake her.

Panting and breathless, she at length stopped, and leaned for support against the rails of a house, out of which came a decent looking woman, who enquired if she was ill. Mary inco-

herently told the woman her situation, and was listened to with pity and attention.

"You shall go home with me," said she, "and in a day or two you may perhaps discover your sisters."

This poor woman, whose heart would have done honour to a superior rank, was a chare-woman, and at that time very much distressed, as she had for a long period been unable to work, from a violent attack of the rheumatism; this was the first day she had resumed her customary occupation.

Mary joyfully accompanied her, and shared with avidity the supper which the woman produced; she observed to Mary the extreme unfitness of her dress for perambulating the streets in such weather, and regretted that she had none to offer her to change it; however she assisted her in washing and mending it for the next morning,

but unfortunately the next morning the poor woman was unable to stir from her bed; she had made too free with herself, and by an over exertion of her strength the preceding day, brought on a severe attack of her old disorder. She got some of the people who lodged in the house to represent her situation to the families she used to chare for, but the relief thy sent her was very trivial.

Almost a fortnight passed, and Mary, who continued with her, had nursed her wih the greatest attention, seeing no hope of relief, and nearly famishing from having been two days without tasting food, told Mrs. Milwood she would try whether, by asking charity, she could procure any relief; and we were, as it happened, the first she applied to.

Though there was certainly something romantic and improbable in the ac-

count of Mary's leaving her home, yet from the artless manner in which the told her tale I did not doubt its truth. I left the poor people ample relief for the present, and promising to do something more for them I returned to Mr. Belmont's. He was out when I got home, but Mrs. Belmont received me with an appearance of anger that mortified and surprised me.

"I am astonished at your conduct, Miss Cunningham," cried she.

"May I ask why so, madam?" answered I.

"I should think that a very unnecessary question after your behaviour this morning," said she, "to send Miss Belmont home when I had entrusted her to you, and to go off in the strange manner you did, with such an infamous creature too; really Miss Cunningham I wonder how you can suppose I will put up with such impertinent liberties."

"I was not aware that an act of common humanity, to a really distressed object, could be construed into taking an unbecoming liberty with you, madam," said I, "as I did not know the real character of the girl, I would not suffer Miss Belmont to risk your displeasure by accompanying me to her home, and I certainly saw no impropriety in her returning, particularly so short a distance, with James."

"And I suppose you saw no impropriety in accompanying a woman who might have conducted you to a house of the most infamous description?" malignantly retorted Mrs. Belmont.

"I confess, madam," said I, "it never occurred to me that a being, apparently famishing, was the inmate of such a house."

"Oh, you cannot deny that she is a woman of the town, Miss Cunningham?" said she.

"Yes indeed, madam I both can and do deny it," replied I.

"Then I must say I do not believe it," said she.

"I did not imagine you could so far forget the manners of a gentlewoman as to accuse me of falsehood madam," answered I, with as much calmness as I could assume, for my spirit took fire instantly, "any explanation of my conduct after so gross an insult, you cannot suppose I will condescend to give."

"Condescend indeed! I have no notion of such language from a dependant," cried she, "nor will I keep any body in my family to insult me."

"I am ready to quit your family directly, madam," said I.

"The sooner the better," was the reply.

I went up stairs, where I found the dear Emma waiting my return with evident anxiety.

"My dear Miss Cunningham," cried she, "I wish I had remained at the confectioner's till you came back if I could not have accompanied you, for Mrs. Belmont, who enquired of James every thing about the matter, when she found I returned without you, has been making such a sad piece of work."

"I know it, dear Emma," said I, "and we have just had a serious quarrel on the subject."

"Oh, I hope not a *serious* one," replied she.

I told her all that had passed. The sweet girl hung about my neck, and with tears, conjured me to overlook her mother's petulance, and not to leave her. I caught the infection of her sorrow, but I still retained my resolution. Emma heard her father's voice in the hall, and flew down to him. The short period of her absence was spent by me in the most unpleasant

reflections; I could not blame myself for a conduct which I thought common humanity demanded; but I could not, without regret, think of its consequences. My situation at Mr. Belmont's had been happier than I had hoped a state of dependance could be, and it was not without sorrow that I thought of quitting the amiable Emma to whom I was become much attached. That I still had it in my power to remain by apologising to Mrs. Belmont I was sure, but to this my pride could not submit; she had grossly, and without provocation, insulted me; and whatever I might feel at leaving her family, I was determined to make no concessions to her.

Emma now ran up stairs accompanied by her father.

"This is sad news I hear, Miss Cunningham," said he, "but surely

matters may be accommodated between you and Mrs. Belmont."

"My dear sir," replied I, "I must beg to give you that explanation of this matter which my pride refused to your lady." I then briefly related to him the scene of misery I had just witnessed; I owned that from poor Mary's dress I had harboured some unjust suspicions of her, and consequently could not think of suffering Emma to accompany me home with her; "but, dear sir," added I, "I saw before me a poor creature, who, if I had sent her home in the coach by herself, might have died on the way for want of assistance; and if I erred against all forms in going with her, it was because I think etiquette should always give place to humanity."

"You have no occasion to say a syllable in defence of your conduct to me, dear Miss Cunningham," replied

Mr. Belmont; "I will be happy to assist you in rendering every service to those poor people; but we must not lose you. Mrs. B. at my desire will, I am certain, apologize for the hasty expressions she made use of; and for the sake of your young friend here, you will not, I dare say, be fastidious as to the *manner* of her apology. You know her temper," added he with a sigh.

It was the first time he ever hinted at its unpleasantness, and I was affected by the way in which he spoke.

"I shall certainly accept of Mrs. Belmont's apology, if she condescends to make one, sir," replied I.

"Oh! I'll answer for it she will," said he: and by what magic he managed it I did not then guess; but in about an hour Mrs. Belmont came up stairs.

"I am quite surprised, Miss Cunningham," said she, "to find you have a serious intention of quitting us. I

had no notion of giving you any offence by what I said; I merely meant that the woman might have imposed on you, which, as you do not know the variety of impositions practised here, you will allow was probable. I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings, and beg you'll think no more about it."

I readily promised I would not; and was really surprised to see her behave so much better than I expected. But the cause was soon developed. A beautiful pair of diamond ear-rings which were brought home the next day, was, I afterwards found, the reward of her condescension. Though she behaved to me for some time with the most laboured graciousness of manner, yet she could not help giving me frequent hints of the risk I ran, and the bad consequences that *might* have attended my visit to poor Mary's habitation. But as these hints were never

absolutely insulting, I passed them over in silence.

Mr. Belmont had caused enquiry to be made in the neighbourhood, and found that Mrs Milwood had stated her situation to me with the greatest truth; he had likewise written to Wales, and till we could have an answer from Mary's parents, he liberally supplied her with the means of support.

It struck me, that by advertising for her sisters she might have a chance of finding them out, and the experiment succeeded. It considerably added to the satisfaction I felt at the service I was lucky enough to be the means of doing the poor girl, when I found one of her sisters was Mrs. Maxwell's maid, and a favorite and trusty servant. A letter from Wales informed Mary that Miss Melville had sent a larger sum than she promised. Mr. Saxby had had a very severe fit of illness, and on

his recovery allowed his ward to marry her lover. The grateful Miss Melville promised to do something yearly for Mary's parents; and wrote to say if they would part with her she wished to have her about her person. The same post which brought Mr. Belmont's letter, brought Mary one also from her parents, acquainting her with Miss Melville's offer, and giving her that lady's address. Mary waited on her directly, and Miss Melville, now Mrs. Harlow, was much pleased at the sight of her old attendant, and truly sorry to learn what she had suffered.

I may as well finish my Welch tale here—Mary entered immediately into Mrs. Harlow's service, which she quitted in a short time, to marry a respectable young tradesman, who makes her an excellent husband; and they are at present, to speak in Mary's own language the last time I saw her,

"very well to do, thank God and their good friends."

Mrs. Dalton wanted a servant about the time that Mrs. Milwood's health was restored, and took her at my recommendation, and with that good woman she still remains.

CHAP. XIII.

I discover that an Author may be an agreeable animal.—Emma Belmont betrays a partiality for Clairville.—Mr. Belmont imposes a task on me which leads to an explanation between Clairville and myself.—A mal-a-propos recontre at Vauxhall.—I am discovered to be a married woman.—Generous offer of my Cousin, Lord S————. I leave Mr. Belmont's family.—An Elopement completely Irish.—Mr. O'Gorman's behaviour.

Mr. Clairville's visits had been tolerably frequent during this time at Mr. Belmont's, and the more I saw, the more I admired his character, he was

not, however, "a faultless monster." The experience he had had of mankind, threw, at times, a shade of suspicion over his character, very foreign to his natural frankness; and at the moment he was perhaps privately engaged in some humane action, he would gravely descant on the abominable selfishness of human nature, and declare that all mankind were actuated by interested views.

You remember Augustus, the eldest son of Madame D'Alonville, who was at that period a lovely boy, about five years old. One day that I had called when you were not at home, I was highly entertained with an account he gave me of his friends, and particularly a lady and gentleman, who were, he said, his *bonne amies*, and of whom he was very fond.

"Well," said I to him, "I will be

your *bonne amie* too, if you will let me."

"No thank you," replied the little fellow with much *naiveté*, "I have two already, and I don't chuse to have any more."

The next morning, Madame D'Alonville paid Mrs. Belmont a visit; and Augustus, who accompanied her, came up to see Emma and me. Clairville and myself were engaged in a warm debate on the virtue of sincerity, which he insisted did not exist in civilized society, even in the earliest periods of infancy.

"The first thing a child is taught," cried he, "is to disguise its sentiments; and the odious lesson of dissimulation is one of the soonest practised."

"But you will allow that is not always the case," replied I.

"I have never met with an instance to the contrary, I assure you," said he.

Here I interrupted him with an account of Augustus's behaviour the day before, and I had just finished it when the hero of my tale entered, and flying up to me said, "Miss Cunningham, you shall be my *bonne amie*."

"What has produced this change?" cried I. "Yesterday you were determined not to have any more good friends."

"Oh!" replied the little fellow, "you shall be my good friend, and I will love you dearly, and so shall this lady too, if she likes it, because you will give me cakes and toys; for when I told Miss Pemberton yesterday that I had two *bonne amies*, and would not have any more, she said if I let her be one she would give me all sorts of nice things; and I suppose you will do so too."

"Well, Miss Cunningham," cried

Clairville, triumphantly, "what have you to say for poor human nature now?"

"Nay, I won't give up the point either," said I. "I am still you see in the right, we are naturally sincere. This child yesterday told me the truth, and he would have done the same to-day, but for the injudicious Miss Pemberton, and the temptations she held out to him."

"But if one child in a thousand possesses this lovely quality from nature, there will be always Miss Pembertons to destroy it in the bud," said he.

"No, not always," replied I; "but come, Mr. Clairville, I believe we must settle the matter in the words of Sir Roger de Coverly, and allow that 'much may be said on both sides.'"

We now called another subject.

In a few days after, "I knew," said Emma to me, "what a favourite you

would become, Miss Cunningham, of Mr. Clairville's."

"How do you know I am one?" enquired I.

"Why he was talking of you this morning to papa," cried she, "and he said, that creature is still unspoiled. My dear sir, while I see her ingenuous countenance glow with benevolence to her fellow-creatures, whose good qualities are her favourite theme. I cannot help sighing to think that in a few years that philanthrophy which is now a source of the purest pleasure to herself, and so delightful to her friends, will be converted into suspicion and mistrust. And I declare, Miss Cunningham," continued Emma in her artless way, "he looked so sad that I felt quite sorry to see it; but papa said gaily, 'hang it, Clairville, you are yet too young for a cynic; and I hope Miss Cunningham will be happy enough to

pass through life without meeting extreme ingratitude or treachery. You absolutely grow more misanthropic every day. Emma shall give you a song, and chace away the blue devils, which I see have at present complete possession of you.'"

I cannot tell you, my dear Charlotte, how highly pleased I was at this little anecdote. I had not any, the most remote idea that the regard I felt for Clairville was more than friendship; to know him, and not to feel that sentiment for him was, I supposed impossible in a mind of any sensibility. Of the power of love I had heard much more than I believed; and as I never forgot the tie which restricted me from becoming the object of an honourable passion, so I supposed its influence would prevent my feeling a preference which I knew must be hopeless; for, of the invincibility of the passion, with all my ro-

mance in other things, I did not entertain an idea. Had I even been free, Clairville's dislike to marriage was too well known to leave me any thing to hope; and my spirit was sufficiently haughty to shrink from the idea of being a love-lorn damsel. The pleasure, therefore, I experienced in his society, I indulged in without scruple, because I was ignorant of its mischievous consequences. But an alteration took place in Mr. Clairville's manner at this time, which vexed me exceedingly.

Mr. Harvey had told us he was occasionally reserved, but this I never perceived: he would indeed sometimes fall into a reverie, out of which he frequently started with an assumed gaiety; but in general his manners were chearful, and there was a frank cordiality in them particularly pleasing to me, whose

whole heart you know is always on my lips, and the least reserve checks me at once. You will conceive then, dear Charlotte, how mortified I was to find a formality the most chilling take place of the friendly and brotherly attention with which he had hitherto treated me.

Clairville was a perfect master of Spanish, and Emma had expressed a strong wish to learn it, and willingly accepted his offer to become her instructor. I was present at her first lesson.

"Suppose," said Clairville, "you become my pupil too, Miss Cunningham."

"I am afraid you would find me a very stupid one," returned I.

"I do not think so," said he; "besides your studying it with her will be of material service to Emma."

The Spanish lessons were accordingly commenced, and Mr. Clairville declared he was proud of his pupils. But in about a month after we began to learn, the alteration I mentioned took place, and those lessons lately so delightful, became excessively irksome to me. Emma wondered, in her artless way, what could be the matter with Mr. Clairville; and but for my desiring her not to do so, would have asked him.

One day he came in, and with a chearfulness we had not seen for some time. "You are both such good girls that I think you deserve a little indulgence," cried he. "To-day shall be for pleasure, to-morrow for study, I have brought you a new play."

"Oh, then I hope you mean to stay and read it to us," said Emma.

"I do not know whether I may not suffer myself to be prevailed on," re-

plied he, with an assumed gravity. "If you will both promise to study very hard in return for my compliance."

"I will, upon my honor," said Emma. "You have no idea how much I shall improve, and how very very good I intend to be."

"I like that *intend* amazingly," cried he; "but methinks 'the lady doth protest too much!' Well, Miss Cunningham, what say you?"

"Oh, I never make promises!" returned I.

"But I will promise and vow for her," cried Emma; "and so Mr. Clairville pray begin."

The play was a translation from the German, and would not have afforded us much pleasure but for his just and lively remarks.

A message from Mrs. Belmont called Emma away for a few minutes. Clairville laid down the book. Finding him

silent I looked up, and caught his eyes fixed on my face with a scrutinizing earnestness that covered me with blushes. Clairville's eyes were blue, but very dark, and his long black lashes gave them a cast of hazle, though sensibility was their predominant expression, there were times when his glance seemed to read the very soul, but I had never seen those glances directed to myself before; and unable now to bear them, I rose and walked to the window. A deep sigh made me turn round—he was lost in reverie, and his whole countenance wore an expression of gloom and sadness I had never before seen it assume. "Are you not well, Mr. Clairville?" said I.

"Oh, yes! very well, madam," answered he.

I wish, dear Charlotte, I could give you any idea of the tone in which those words were spoken, or the effect they

produced. "Madam," said I, mentally, "what a strange capricious being this is."

Emma now returned, and he finished the play, immediately after which he took his leave.

"I cannot help thinking," said Emma in a plaintive tone, "that there is something makes Mr. Clairville unhappy. I'd give any thing to know what it can be. Oh! what a pity that such a mind as his should have cause to be uneasy."

The poor girl's eyes filled with tears, and a suspicion at that moment entered my head, which I was astonished had never occurred to me before, that Clairville had unintentionally possessed himself of her heart. A thousand little circumstances corroborated this opinion, but not one sympton of love could I recollect in his behaviour to her. Yet I might be mistaken, he perhaps

returned her affection, or if he did not, it was, I thought, impossible he should not when he knew she felt it. Mr. Belmont's consent would, I was certain, be readily and joyfully given, and my imagination anticipated the short time which would probably elapse before I should see Emma the happy and beloved wife of Clairville. Most willingly, had I been put to the trial, would I have risked my life to ensure the happiness of this sweet girl. How then could I account for the pang that rent my heart when I thought of her as the wife of Clairville? Oh! my dear Charlotte, the moment was arrived when I could no longer conceal from myself that that sentiment which I regarded only as the tribute due to superior and acknowledged worth, was a passion which, if not suppressed, would poison all my future days. Emma observed my agitation, which I attributed

to a sudden head-ache, and saying I would try the effect of a little rest to cure it, I retired to my own room.

Never, I thought, till now was I truly miserable; yet when I looked back, I saw nothing in my own conduct to arraign. And I will own to you, I could not, for a few moments, help throwing all the blame of my unhappy passion on the brutal conduct of Mr. O'Gorman. Had it, thought I, been the will of Heaven to have united me with any man who would be capable of treating me with even common decency, my peace could never be thus destroyed. Oh! what madness possessed me to sacrifice myself as I did. How different would my lot have been if—I paused, frightened at the thought which, spite of myself, obtruded on my mind, that Clairville, was I disengaged, and Emma out of the question, *might* have distinguished me.

I hastily drove away this delightful idea, and called in every argument that reason, religion, and prudence could suggest, to enable me to conquer a sentiment which it would be madness to indulge. I had sent a message down that the head-ache prevented my appearing at dinner; and as soon as it was over, Emma flew up stairs to me. The concern this affectionate girl expressed for my illness, and her anxious solicitude to relieve the pain, struck me to the soul, and throwing my arms round her, as she was rubbing my temples, I burst into tears.

Emma had never before seen me shed any, and she was equally alarmed and affected; they were, however, the greatest relief to me, for at that moment my heart seemed bursting. I begged Emma not to frighten herself, and endeavoured to appear a little composed.

A few days after this, Mr. Belmont came into our apartment, and telling Emma to go down to the drawing-room, for he wanted to speak to his other daughter, as he frequently called me, she obeyed; and after thanking me for the care I had taken of her, in the handsomest manner, Mr. Belmont proceeded. "I have for some time past, my dear Miss Cunningham, suspected that Emma feels a strong prepossession for my friend Clairville, and where indeed could her youthful affections be more worthily placed. If this is the case I will do all in my power to forward the match; tell me, dear Miss Cunningham, do you think my suspicions are just?"

I could hardly breathe during this speech but I forced myself to answer in the affirmative.

"Clairville's heart, I think," continued Mr. Belmont, "is disengaged,

that he will ever again be a passionate lover I do not believe, but that he would make the best of husbands I am convinced; and the brotherly regard which I know he feels for Emma, is more likely to render them both happy than the romantic passion of a boy; I have some thoughts of proposing Emma to him, but I would wish first to know if his affections are really disengaged; will you, my dear child, talk to him a little about Emma? I would not wish her secret betrayed either; but I will own, I think it possible in a conversation with you he may be so far explicit that I shall know better how to proceed, since I would not like to hazard even Clairville's rejection of my daughter."

What a task, dear Charlotte, was this for me; but I tried to excuse myself in vain, and was at last obliged to

promise compliance the first opportunity.

Three days after this conversation I was sitting alone in the drawing-room, when Clairville entered; he enquired for the family, and I told him I expected Mrs. and Miss Belmont in every moment. This was not one of his *reserved* days, for he entered into chat in his usual manner.

"How fortunate for Emma was your becoming an inmate of this family, Miss Cunningham," said he; "my poor friend Belmont suffers his wife to engross more than her share of power; and Emma owned to me the other day, that previous to your arrival her mother-in-law led her a sad life, but since you came, she says she has been the happiest creature in the world."

"She deserves to be so," returned I, "for she is one of the most amiable girls in it. Her heart, her understand-

ing, and her temper are equally excellent."

"She is indeed an ingenuous charming girl," said he, "and will, I am convinced, make an excellent wife."

My heart beat at these words, as though it would burst its bounds; yet I summoned up resolution to continue the subject. "The man that obtains the hand of Emma, may, indeed, be thought fortunate," cried I. "I am sure of its being accompanied by her whole heart. And what a prize will be a heart so noble, so pure, so ingenuous as hers!"

"Sweet eulogist," said Clairville. "Oh! how transcendantly happy must be the lot of that being on whom you bestow yours. Dearest Miss Cunningham," continued he, while astonishment prevented my utterance, "withered as my heart has been, blighted and destroyed as were all my early hopes of

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

happiness, I looked forward to a life of cheerless apathy; but it is in your power, most beloved of women, to realize all those blissful dreams my youthful fancy formed."

"I must not, dare not listen to you, Mr. Clairville," cried I inarticulately.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he, turning pale, "your affections then are engaged."

"I am married," said I, faintly.

He dropped my hand which he held in his, and saying in a low tone, "this I did not expect," turned from me, while his whole frame trembled.

I would have given worlds for the power of explaining to him the mystery of my situation, but I could not. Mrs. Belmont's entrance effectually distressed us both. Clairville only bowed to her, and muttering something about an engagement, hurried away very abrupt.

"Truly," cried she, "pray Miss

Cunningham, what is the meaning of all this? The gentleman flies the moment a third person appears, and the lady sits like Niobe, all tears."

"I must beg your pardon at present, madam," said I, "I shall, in an hour or two, be able to give you any explanation of my conduct you may desire."

"Oh!" replied she, "I don't wish you to give yourself any trouble about the matter, Mr. Clairville and you are certainly at liberty to tragedize without my interfering in it."

I left the room without a reply; but what were my sensations when, on reaching my own, I reviewed the transactions of the last half hour? "Oh! Clairville," cried I, involuntarily, "you then love me—your inestimable heart beats for the poor Ellen;" but a few minutes checked these wild ideas, and I awoke to sober wretchedness.

To inform Clairville why I appeared as a single woman was, I thought, necessary; and as briefly as I could, I stated to him my situation. I interdicted a reply, but he broke through my injunction; and in a letter, the perusal of which cost me many tears, wished it had been possible for me to have placed this confidence in him sooner. *Now*, he observed, he felt all his philosophy unequal to the severity of his fate; for the present, absence only could enable him to again take refuge in that apathy to which he thought he had bade an eternal farewell; when he could see me with the affection only of a friend, he trusted I would not deny him the name of one. Again and again did I read this too faithful picture of a disordered mind, and oh! how fervently did I beseech the Almighty to restore him to peace.

My task with Mr. Belmont was an

awkward one: while telling him that I had reason to suppose Clairville's affections were engaged, I felt like a guilty thing, and dreaded the mild but penetrating eye of this excellent man would discover that it was me who stood between his daughter and happiness. But Mr. Belmont had no suspicion of the kind, he regretted it should be so, and left me to hint it to Emma, which I promised to do.

I had now been a year, or rather better, with Mr. Belmont's family. It was summer when I first became a member of it, but we had not left London for any considerable time, as Mr. Belmont had some business then to arrange which prevented his making any stay in the country. Mrs. Belmont had therefore contented herself with lodgings at Windsor, whither we, that is Emma and myself, had accompanied her; but this year Mr. Belmont talked

of visiting a beautiful place he had in Hertford, after the birth-day.

Mrs. Mortimer, who visited Mrs. Belmont, sent one day to know whether she would be of her party the following Friday to Vauxhall. Mrs. Belmont answered in the affirmative for herself and Emma. At Mr. Belmont's desire, his lady frequently condescended to take me into public with her, but she could not think of inviting me to join Mrs. Mortimer's party: a circumstance that I mentioned laughingly to Mrs. Dormer, who was still on the most intimate terms with me.

"I have been thinking this week past to make a party for Vauxhall myself," said she, "will you accompany me on Friday?"

I replied with pleasure; and Emma was highly delighted, for she was sure, she said, we should be altogether, as it was most likely that if Mrs. Morti-

mer's party was not very large, we might join.

Mrs. Dormer's party was a small one, and when we reached the gardens, which we did not till a late hour, we met Mrs. Mortimer immediately on entering. She was very numerously attended, but she asked Mrs. Dormer to join her friends, which the latter assented to.

In walking round, I noticed a young gentleman of very prepossessing appearance, whose features appeared familiar to me, though I could not think where I had seen him. He bowed slightly to Mrs. Mortimer; and I found on enquiry, that he was Lord S——. The recollection I fancied I had of his face was now accounted for; he strongly resembled my aunt, with this difference, that his countenance had none of that disgusting *hauteur* which disfigured hers. On the contrary, it

was highly indicative of good-humour and good-nature. I regretted not a little that I must be a stranger to so near, and apparently so amiable a relation.

The gardens were very full, and uncommonly brilliant, and such was the effect of the music, the lights, and the gaiety of our party, that my senses were wrapt in a temporary forgetfulness of sorrow.

An exclamation of Emma's, "Is not that Mr. Clairville?" dispelled the momentary illusion. She was mistaken; but the name brought to my memory the most bitter and painful recollections. Fancy presented him before me as I last beheld him, pale, trembling, and unhappy; his fine eyes despoiled of their brilliant animation, and his whole countenance expressive of anguish and despondency.

The gloom which these reflections

occasioned was observed by Emma. I pleaded fatigue in reply to the sweet girl's anxious enquiries whether I was indisposed. When we sat down to supper Lord S—— and his party were in the next box to us; and to my equal terror and surprise, on the other side was my old suitor M'Laughlin, accompanied by a pretty, but vulgar-looking young woman, dressed in a very *outré* style, an elderly woman, extremely lusty, and perfectly loaded with the most glaring ornaments; and a man, whose appearance resembled that of M'Laughlin, composed a groupe that soon drew more gazers than the most elegant party in the gardens. I was about to make a pretext of sudden indisposition, in the hope of retreating unseen by M'Laughlin, when he spied me, and jumping up, ran to and seized my hand with more cordiality than good manners.

"Sure, and your own good looking

self is the last *crature* alive that I thought to be after seeing. *Musha* how are you, and how long have you been in London?"

The astonishment of my friends at this *polite* address could only be equalled by my shame at being recognized in this familiar way by such a person, while fear of his discovering the secret of my marriage rendered me unable to reply. And he continued, "Why you don't seem happy at meeting your *ould* sweetheart, but I forgive and forget I assure you; and to shew you I did not *brake* my heart for the loss of you, let me be after introducing you to Mrs. M'Laughlin, and *viry* much obliged to you she ought to be, because if you had not refused me she could not have had me you know, without you'd been kind enough to marry me first and die afterwards: to be sure I was in a bit of a passion with my lady, your aunt,

for *consinting* that you should marry O'Gorman, which was shabby enough of her ladyship after promising me beforehand; and you see you were not half as well off as if you had had me, for I was *tould* all about how he used you before you ran away. But pray when did you *hare* from the *ould* boy? I wish he'd be after dying, and *lave* you at liberty to marry *agin*."

"Marry again!" cried Mrs. Belmont, "why, pray, Miss Cunningham, have you ever been married?"

"Miss Cunningham!" repeated M'Laughlin. "Upon my conscience, and I have made a bit of a bull; but how the *divil* could I guess that you changed *yoursilf* from a wife to a maid *agin*. But I suppose you were afraid of O'Gorman finding you out."

I now attempted to enter into some explanation of the matter to Mrs. Belmont, but she interrupted me.

"I did not know that I was receiving a runaway wife into my family," said she, "or you never should have become a member of it; nor can you expect to continue one after such an abominable deception."

"From what I know of this lady," said Mrs. Dormer, "I will answer for the deception's being an innocent one."

"A thousand thanks, dearest madam," cried I, "it had indeed its origin in no ill motives. Mrs. Belmont has just declared she would not, as a wife, have received me into her family. Treatment of the worst kind compelled me to quit my husband, and I feared, as a married woman, I should meet every where a disinclination to afford me protection."

"Upon my salvation I am *viry* sorry to find I've been making mischief all this while, *whin* I didn't *intind* it at all at all," cried M'Laughlin. "And I'm

consarned to hear, by what you say, that you're in *sarvice*. Och! and its a burning shame for that old woman, Lady S——, to suffer her own niece to be a *sarvant*."

The added mortification this address occasioned me gave way to pleasure when Lord S——, who had heard all that passed, exclaimed, "surely, madam, I may claim in you the only relation I have now alive belonging to my mother's family."

"I have indeed the honour to be your Lordship's first cousin," replied I, "and no part of my conduct, I trust, on investigation, will be found such as to make you blush for the relationship that subsists between us."

"Of that," returned he, "I am well assured.

"And I am very ready to give you all the assurances you may require about the matter," said M'Laughlin; "for

there's *plinty* of people to prove what a *baste ould* O'Gorman was; and I'm *viry* happy to find that instead of doing any mischief at all at all, I've brought you and your cousin acquainted. And now I'll be after wishing you all a good night, as soon as you're after telling me, Mrs. O'Gorman, *whin* you'll come and take a bit of dinner with us, and *whare* you live, that Mrs. M'Laughlin may *sind* you a card, because I like to do things in a *nate gentele* manner."

"Have the goodness to favour me with your address, Mr. M'Laughlin," said I, "and I will send to you to-morrow;" for it instantly occurred to me, if possible, to prevent this man's informing Mr. O'Gorman of our rencontre.

"Upon my conscience and I'm a little bit astray myself how to be after telling you *whare* to find me," said he, "for you must know we *mane* to move

to-morrow, and you see we have not got any *whare* to go to."

"Lord! how you talk, Mr. M'Laughlin," cried his wife, "we shan't find any difficulty in getting lodgings, I dare say."

"No to be sure," replied he, "they're *plinty* enough, there's no doubt of that; but I don't want to be after getting into another *whare* they'll abuse my country, and say we are all a parcel of *cratures* that are worse than brute *bastes*."

Mrs. M'Laughlin was beginning a very angry reply to this speech, which seemed by no means to please her, when Mrs. Dormer interrupted her to say to M'Laughlin that he could leave his address for me at his present lodgings; and then turning to me, she asked if I would go home as she felt rather fatigued.

I easily divined her good-natured motive for this speech, and you may

believe was happy to get away. Lord S—— insisted on seeing us to our carriage, and took my hand to conduct me.

"I am truly sorry, my dear cousin," said he, as we walked to it, "that that blundering fellow should have occasioned you so much embarrasment, notwithstanding the pleasure which his discovery of your real name has given me. Will you allow me to call on you to-morrow morning? My mother, I am sure, will not refuse you her protection; and pardon me, if I say a member of our family ought not to be in a dependant situation."

"My Lord," replied I, "mine is only nominally such; Miss Belmont feels for me the affection of a sister, and her excellent father treats me as his child. I shall be most happy to see your Lordship, and I trust, properly grateful for my aunt's notice if she condescends to favour me with it."

These words brought us to the carriage, and luckily for me, Mrs. Dormer and myself returned alone in it. Lord S—— bade us good night, with a promise of an early visit to me.

As soon as we were seated I was beginning a vindication of my conduct, but Mrs. Dormer interrupted me.

"You are too much agitated to enter on this subject now, my dear," said she; "I will see you in the morning, most probably before Lord S—— calls, and we will then talk the matter over. Of this be assured, that as I have no reason to suppose your conduct blameable, however Mrs. Belmont may act towards you in consequence of this discovery, you may depend on my friendship, and that I will be happy to render you every service in my power."

I could only thank her with tears. Immediately on reaching home I re-

tired to my own room. Never were hours so tedious as those I spent till the breakfast-bell rung; for, as to sleep I did not try to obtain any.

When I entered the parlour, Mr. Belmont rose, and taking my hand, which he kindly pressed, "I am truly sorry for the awkward discovery of last night, my dear child," said he, "but it cannot make any difference in the regard that Mrs. Belmont and myself feel for you."

The eyes of the dear Emma were fixed on me with the tenderest expression of friendship and pity during this speech.

Mrs. Belmont said, "I think, Mr. Belmont, you might have been content to answer for the continuance of your own regard to this lady; as to mine, I must say it is not proof against the deception she has practised, nor do I

know how it would be possible for me to continue her in my family after the adventure of last night."

Poor Emma turned pale.

"That I shall be able to do away entirely any suspicion you may entertain of the propriety of my conduct, madam," cried I, "I am certain; but with regard to a continuance in your family, I neither expect nor desire it if in any respect disagreeable to you."

"Why you know, Mrs.——," said she, "the mystery"——

"Will be very satisfactorily explained, I make no doubt, my dear," interrupted her husband. "When we have breakfasted, you shall give us the explanation you promised, Miss Cunningham."

"You know very well we must not call her Cunningham now, Mr. Belmont," cried Mrs. Belmont spitefully.

Without noticing this speech he con-

tinued, "When we have heard your story, we will be better able to judge how we can most effectually be of service to you."

The servant's entrance prevented any thing more being said; and as soon as the breakfast things were removed I entered on my narrative.

At its conclusion, Mrs. Belmont exclaimed, "Well, Mrs. O'Gorman, the only thing you can do, I think, is to return to your husband."

"I differ in opinion with you, my love," said Mr. Belmont.

"I don't doubt it," cried she, "you have done nothing else lately, I think; but I must tell you, sir, my eyes are opened, and Mrs. O'Gorman shall not remain in my family."

"Dearest madam," said Emma, bursting into tears.

I interrupted the dear girl, for I saw a cloud gathering on the brow of Mr.

Belmont, which I had never witnessed before; and I was fearful that his generous friendship for me should occasion a serious misunderstanding between Mrs. Belmont and himself. "I shall always have a proper sense of your politeness and attention to me while I had the honour of being considered a part of your family, madam," cried I; "and whatever regret I may feel in quitting it, I have made up my mind to do so."

"But, child," said Mr. Belmont.

"Pardon me, dear sir," cried I, "for interrupting you, but on this head I am positively determined."

"And very properly too," said Mrs. Belmont, in her most ungracious manner.

A servant announced Mrs. Dormer and Mrs. Maxwell, and I hastened to receive them.

Mrs. Maxwell most kindly took my hand, "I have told our friend here all

about you, my dear girl," said she; "but how does this family behave since last night?"

I told her what had passed.

"I am very glad you acted as you did," cried she. "You must come to me child; don't let this foolish business make you uneasy; you have nothing to blame yourself for. Lord S—— possesses both sense and spirit, and I am sure will spare no pains to make Mr. O'Gorman do you justice; and this discovery, apparently so unpleasant, may be the best thing that ever happened to you."

I pressed the hand of the warm-hearted Mrs. Maxwell. Before I could thank her for her consolatory speech, Lord S—— was announced, and the ladies took their leave.

"I should have seen you sooner, my dear cousin," said his Lordship, with an air of perplexity, "but I had

a long conversation with my mother about you, the result of it, I am sorry to say, is not so favourable as I could wish; but a little time may make a change in her sentiments."

"I am afraid not, my lord," returned I; "but will you, as the only relation I have who condescends to acknowledge me, listen to an account of my motives for the step I have taken."

"Most surely," replied he.

I then briefly recapitulated to him the conduct of Mr. O'Gorman, and I concluded by a declaration that no consideration on earth would prevail on me to live with him again.

"Nobody who had the least regard for you," said he, warmly, "could wish a re-union to take place between you and such a man; but surely you ought to seek relief from the laws of our country; he is able, and ought to be

made allow you a handsome separate maintenance."

"As I left him," replied I, "you know I have no claim; and indeed I am convinced that to litigate the matter would answer no purpose."

"Have you have any objection to my writing to him on the subject?" said my cousin.

"None in the world;" answered I, "provided he does not by that means find a clue to where I am."

"That I think he cannot do, for a friend of mine is going to-morrow into Wales, and I will give him any letter you may chuse to write, which will effectually set him wrong as to your present residence," cried my cousin. "In my letter I shall mention your having applied to me to interfere in the business."

I confess I did not relish this plan,

but I did not, on the other hand, wish to appear obstinate in the eyes of Lord S——, so I consented, with the best grace I could assume.

"Till this matter is arranged, you must permit me to be your banker," said my cousin.

I was beginning to protest against this, but he interrupted me with an assurance that he would not be refused; and humorously imitating the accent and manner of M'Laughlin, said,

"Spare your speeches, my dear cousin, for on this head they will be all thrown away; but I should wish you to remove, for I must own to you, my mind revolts at the idea of your remaining in a dependant situation."

I told his Lordship the occurrences of the morning, and my resolution of going, for the present, to Mrs. Maxwell's, which he highly approved. He told me he would soon have the plea-

sure of seeing me there, and requested I would, in the course of the day, send him the letter I meant for Mr. O'Gorman, which I promised to do. My generous cousin then took out a beautiful pocket-book, which he had purchased, he said, that morning on purpose for me. I was beginning to tell him that I was at present rich, but he would not hear me, and hurried away.

I had now a severe task to go through with Emma, the dear girl hung about my neck, and wept like a child; her worthy father regretted the necessity of our separation in the warmest terms; "but," said he, "I know and I admire your spirit; Mrs. Belmont's temper, never very good, is so soured by the foolish business of last night, that I am but too certain your stay with us could not be pleasant to yourself. You will, however, dear Mrs. O'Gorman, allow my Emma a sister's claim on you,

and I know you will still pass as much of your time with her as you can."

I expressed my sense of his kindness in the warmest terms, and said I should be happy in being allowed to have Emma as much with me as possible.

On a hint from her father she then left the room, and I had the same offer from Mr. Belmont I before received from Lord S——, of becoming my banker.

I informed him of my cousin's liberality, and examining his beautiful little present, I found it contained notes for two hundred pounds.

"This new-found relation of yours has no right to prevent your old friends from being of service to you though," said Mr. Belmont. "Remember the father of your sister ought to be looked upon as yours likewise, and if, in the present instance I am obliged to put up with your saucy rejection of your

papa's purse, another time I shall insist on being obeyed."

I now quitted this truly sincere friend to set about the business of packing up, and before it was finished, Mrs. Maxwell sent a servant to know whether I could be with her to dinner. As I did not wish to again encounter Mrs. Belmont after the scene of the morning, I replied in the affirmative: and making haste to finish my packing, I left a farewell note for Mrs. Belmont, who, to my great joy was absent; and sent one of the footmen for a hackney coach, while I went to bid adieu to Emma, whom I had been obliged to absolutely turn out while I was getting ready for my departure.

Mr. Belmont countermanded my order for the hackney coach, and insisted on my making use of his carriage. I embraced my dear Emma, and receiving a parental benediction from Mr.

Belmont, I got into it with a heavy heart.

Spite of myself, I foreboded ill from the purposed application to Mr. O'Gorman, yet circumstanced as I was, I knew not how it could be avoided; my chance of obtaining a situation similar to the one I held in Mr. Belmont's family, was very precarious, after the Vauxhall adventure; and without I did, how was I to live? To become Mrs. Maxwell's inmate for a short period, I knew would be considered by her in the light of a pleasure instead of an incumbrance, but a continued state of dependance on any one, however kind or friendly, my spirit would not brook. Lord S——'s consequence in life, and his avowed intention of becoming my champion might, I thought, frighten Mr. O'Gorman into terms, and I was determined to accept any he would offer, however moderate they might be.

When I arrived at Mrs. Maxwell's she welcomed me with all the cordial frankness that first caught me in her manner. After dinner I wrote to Mr. O'Gorman, and shewed Mrs. Maxwell the letter, which she approved of. It was very concise, and merely requested, as I never could live with him, that he would allow me something yearly, which I hoped he would settle with Lord S——, to whom I had written to beg his interference in the business. I carefully avoided recrimination or reproach. My conduct since I left him, I said, could be proved to his satisfaction to have been perfectly correct, if he had any doubts on the subject; and I civilly concluded by an assurance that I was his humble servant.

I sent my letter open, inclosed in one to Lord S——, who called upon me the following day.

He seemed much pleased with Mrs.

Maxwell, to whom I introduced him, and when we were alone, said, that as he found his mother's strange prejudices were not to be overcome, and I seemed happily situated, he would be much pleased if I could prevail on Mrs. Maxwell to accept a compensation for my board; and thus I might remain with her as long as it was agreeable to myself.

"Your new-found relation you see, my dear cousin," said he, "is quite a meddling fellow; but you, I know, will place my officious interference to its true account, the wish to see you comfortable."

"I know not how to thank your Lordship," cried I.

"Not this way, I beseech you," returned he. "The plain fact is, I am a spoiled child, my dear cousin. My mother—(he hesitated)—is an excellent woman, but her behaviour to me was

always cold and reserved; my father indeed made ample amends, he loved me, and he let me see it. You know I am like yourself, destitute of near relatives, for my father was an only son. Since his death, I have found myself nearly alone in the world, for with many acquaintances I have few friends; and from those civilities that spring merely from politeness, or probably are the result of interested motives, my heart turns with disgust. In short, my dear cousin, I want a somebody whom I can call my friend; and though in general I have no great opinion of friendship between the opposite sexes, yet in the present instance I think it very possible it may subsist uninterrupted by a softer passion. If then you will consider me as a brother, I give you my honour I will ever treat you as a beloved sister."

"You ought to have been my bro-

ther," cried I, thrown off my guard by this candid and generous declaration; "Oh, yes! you ought to have been the son of Clara O'Brien."

I forgot that these words implied a censure on my aunt, till the heightened colour of Lord S—— convinced me he felt it. He relieved my embarrassment by saying gaily, "Now that this matter is settled, I must bid my sister adieu for the *pleasure* of escorting a set of tabbies to an auction; but they are my mother's most intimate friends, and as I am not at present on the very best terms with her, I mean to murder a few hours, and be hoaxed by half my acquaintance in order to get into favour again."

He now cordially shook hands, and left me. I told Mrs. Maxwell what had passed.

"What a charming fellow!" cried

she. "Oh, that you were not married!"

"And wherefore, dear Mrs. Maxwell?" said I.

"Lord! my dear," replied she, "I should have the pleasure of calling you Lady S——, I am sure. Aye, aye, this accounts for your prudent aunt wishing to get you married out of her son's way. Well, he is really a delightful young man, and monstrous good too, considering he is a lord, and more than half an Irishman into the bargain, to speak in the language of your stage-coach friend, whom Harvey and you used to make us laugh about. But pray what is become of Clairville?"

The suddenness of the question confused me beyond measure, and I saw Mrs. Maxwell's eyes fixed on me with an expression of pity and surprise.

"I believe he is in the country," said I, when I could speak, which was

not for some minutes. She made no reply, and I felt happy the subject was dropped.

In a few days Lord S——— had a letter from Mr. O'Gorman, with one enclosed for me. That addressed to my cousin was merely to say that any little differences which had subsisted between Mrs. O'Gorman and himself, would, he had no doubt, be happily settled, there was not, therefore, any occasion to enter on the subject of a separate maintenance. Mrs. O'Gorman had his whole heart, and should have the entire disposal of his fortune as soon as she returned to him. Mine was a rhapsody of love and despair, romantic and ridiculous beyond description, and concluded by requesting I would let him know where he could instantly fly to me.

"I told you this, my dear cousin," cried I.

"From the style in which this man writes, I think he must be mad," said Lord S———. "I shall, however, with your permission, take upon myself to answer his letter, as your corresponding with him is certainly to no purpose."

I thankfully accepted his offer, and mentioned to him my fears that Mr. M'Laughlin, whom I could not find out, might, on his return to Ireland, discover to Mr. O'Gorman my being in London. Mrs. Maxwell had accompanied me to Holborn, but the people informed me he was gone from thence, and could not, they said, tell where.

Lord S—— desired me not to tease myself with foolish fears, since even if Mr. O'Gorman did find out my being in London, he could not compel me to live with him; but to prevent my feeling any uneasiness on the subject, he promised to find M'Laughlin for me,

if he was still in London. At one of his Lordship's visits Mr. and Miss Belmont were present, and I introduced him to them. He seemed much pleased with both, and asked me afterwards a thousand questions about Emma, who was, he said, a fascinating girl.

You may suppose I warmly joined in her praise; but I had for some time remarked with concern a degree of dejection had taken place of her natural chearfulness.

From the last meeting I had with Clairville he never called at Mr. Belmont's: a note from him, indeed, informed that gentleman, business of consequence obliged him to go into the country, and his return was uncertain. He desired his compliments in general terms to all the family. This Mr. Belmont told me, but Emma was entirely silent on the subject.

As Lord S—— made no scruple of

avowing to Mr. Belmont his intention of defending me against the tyranny of Mr. O'Gorman, his Lordship's avowed interference had great weight with Mrs. Belmont, who had a passion for titles, and I believe, thought the possessors of them were something super-human, she graciously condescended to visit me, and apologized for what she termed her hasty conduct, which she hoped would not prevent our being on good terms, as there was nobody for whom she had a greater esteem.

I gave her due credit for a total want of sincerity in this speech, which I placed entirely to my cousin's account; however I was very glad to accept her apology; and both Mrs. Maxwell and myself were frequently her guests.

I had entered on the subject of my probable continuance with Mrs. Maxwell soon after I removed to her house,

and would have settled the terms of my stay, but she stopped me by a declaration that she would not hear a syllable on the subject till I had finally agreed with Mr. O'Gorman about a separate maintenance. As I saw she would be hurt if I pressed the matter, I let it drop, determining in my own mind to return her generous hospitality in some way more congenial to her feelings than a pecuniary one.

One morning that I had been to see Mrs. Dalton, whom I never neglected, I met Lord S—— on my return.

"I was just going to you," said he. "Mr. O'Gorman has written to me again, and accuses me of secreting you from him. He also expresses a determination, which we will take care to prevent his putting in practice, of enforcing your return. Do not be frightened," continued he, seeing me turn pale, "depend on it we shall be able

to manage this blustering husband of yours; and I have a scheme in my head, that, with a little assistance from you, will afford you the most effectual protection against his attacks. Mr. O'Gorman has, it seems, taken it in his head to do me the honour of being jealous of the friendship that subsists between us. My mother's unaccountable prejudices prevent her, though the properest person, from taking any part in the business; and situated, dear Ellen, as you are, the voice of scandal itself can have nothing to say on the score of my visits or service, since, as your nearest relation, you have an undoubted claim to my protection: but if I become a Benedict, my house will then be your properest asylum, and the friendship and countenance of Lady S—— set scandal at defiance."

I looked surprised, and he continued, laughing, "I will not pretend to be dis-

interested enough to marry *merely* for your sake. I have a strong predilection for your friend, Emma Belmont; I know I shall meet some opposition from my mother to my connecting myself with an untitled family; but I want a good wife, and Emma, I'm persuaded, will make one: if, therefore, you'll find out whether the little girl can like me, I'll lose no time in laying my proposals before her father."

Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than this declaration of Lord S——'s. Emma's love for Clairville indeed occurred to me; but I hoped the conviction of his affections being engaged would enable her to conquer it; and of her happiness with Lord S—— there could not be a doubt. I readily promised my cousin all my influence; and said I would make a point of seeing Emma as soon as possible, to learn her opinion of him, which I had

every reason to suppose would be favourable.

The next day I went to Mr. Belmont's, Emma was luckily alone After a little preface, I introduced the subject of my visit, and expressed my hopes that Lord S—— was not disagreeable to her.

"Disagreeable!" repeated she, blushing, "no, certainly not; his Lordship seems very amiable, but I don't think I shall ever marry."

"Make no rash resolutions, dear Emma," cried I. "If your affections are disengaged you could not make a better choice."

The dear girl was covered with blushes.

"I have no lover you know," said she.

I did not wish to draw from her the secret of her preference for Clairville, as I had some time before hinted to her

that his affections were, I believed, not at his own disposal. I therefore took no notice of her embarrassment, but chearfully answered, "Then my cousin, I see, has no reason to despair, and I shall have the happiness to be under the protection of my dearest Emma."

She eagerly asked me to explain, and I repeated to her that part of my conversation with Lord S—— that related to my own situation.

"Oh, what a temptation do you hold out to me," said she, bursting into tears, "but I have, alas! no heart to bestow."

She threw herself into my arms. "I own all the merits of Lord S——, my dear friend; but a passion, of which I was till lately unconscious, has 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.'".

I could not affect to misunderstand the weeping girl; and my own heart,

at the moment, bore testimony to the seeming impossibility of conquering a passion of which Clairville was the object.

I wept with poor Emma, and when she had a little relieved her full heart, she proceeded, "Accustomed almost from my childish days, to look up to Mr. Clairville as the model of perfection, treated by him as a beloved sister, I saw not my danger till his melancholy and abstraction, by rendering me miserable, first opened my eyes to the nature of my sentiments for him, and then I was presumptuous enough to entertain a hope, the fallacy of which has added to my unhappiness.

"I had repeatedly heard him declare that love was a passion he never should again experience; but I felt his friendship would be more to me than the heart and the throne of an emperor, of that I knew myself secure; from

whatever cause his melancholy proceeded, I hoped it would wear away; and I will own all—I thought it not impossible but in time he might offer me his hand; I was not vain enough to suppose he would love me."

"And could you wish to be ever his if he did not, Emma?" interrupted I.

"Yes," said she, "I should have been too happy to be his wife, though only considered as his dearest friend, to enjoy the delightful privilege of sharing his pleasures and soothing his cares. Oh! you know not the happiness I felt, when one day that he was poorly with a head-ache, and had for some time before been ill with a nervous disorder, I bathed his temples, and when he was going, I said you are better now. I am always better when I am here, was his reply. To how many foolish flattering ideas did those words give rise; but that is all

over now, you know," said she, while her tears redoubled, "his affections are engaged, and I must learn to think of him only as a brother."

The bitter sigh with which those words were accompanied, pierced my heart, and for a moment I thought of writing to Clairville, and trying what effect the disclosure of Emma's passion would have. Feeling, and noble as I knew his heart to be, I thought it more than probable he might make her an offer of his hand; but a moment's reflection prevented my taking such a step.

Emma saw the hopelessness of her partiality, and that might, in time, induce her to conquer it. For me too to betray her secret, would, I thought, appear indelicate, and Clairville might conceive that I presumed, on the love he had expressed for me, to dictate to him.

If Emma could subdue her passion, she might, as Lady S——, be the happiest of women. And young as she was, and indifferent as she knew herself to be to Clairville, I endeavoured to think this might be the case.

"I hardly dare ask you, dear Emma," said I, "what I am to say to Lord S——?"

"I cannot marry him," replied she.

These words were decisive; and with regret I told my cousin, when I next saw him, his suit was hopeless.

He was more affected than I thought would be the case, and pressed so much to know why I thought so, that I owned I believed her affections were engaged.

"Then my suit must be hopeless," cried he; "for there can be no doubt of her passion's being returned."

I was silent.

"Tell me, dear Ellen," said he;

seizing my hand, "can this sweet girl love without hope?"

I now thought the truth would be best, since if Lord S—— liked Emma well enough to be content with being second possessor of her heart, there was, at least, a chance of his assiduity and attention gaining it in time. I therefore candidly told him that she had, from her childish days, been partial to a gentleman whose affections were unhappily placed upon another, and that at present her heart still smarted from the recent discovery of that circumstance.

"But she is so young," cried my cousin; "and love, when hopeless, is never invincible."

I sighed.

"Come, I will not despair, if you can but prevail on this little girl to look on me as a friend. I hope in time to convert that appellation into a tenderer one."

I replied, he might depend on my best services.

Mrs. Belmont's family now were leaving town, and Mrs. Maxwell and myself much pressed to accompany them. Lord S——— was present when the invitation was given, and Mrs. Belmont observed she should think it a particular favour if his Lordship could honour her by being of the party. He needed little pressing to accept an invitation that would give him an opportunity of being always with Emma, and our departure was fixed for that day week.

Two days after this I received a letter from Kitty, the servant, who had assisted me to escape from Ireland. She told me she was married, and had for some time been in service in London, but was obliged to quit her situation in consequence of being near lying-in; that she had heard, through

a servant of Lady S———'s, that I was in ——— Street, and she hoped I would excuse the liberty she took in writing, as being now confined she could not wait upon me.

I was glad to have it in my power to serve the poor girl, and taking Mrs. Maxwell's servant with me, set out on foot, as it was a beautiful day, for ——— Street, Paddington, where she wrote me she lived.

The appearance of the house was more decent than I had expected, and a very creditable looking woman opened the door. On my enquiring for Mrs. Ellis, she begged me to walk up stairs, and shewing me into a neat little room, told me she would inform Mrs. Ellis.

In a few minutes she returned, and said, Mrs. Ellis hoped I would be so good as to excuse her till she had her apartment put to rights a little, as she phrased it.

I told her not to hurry herself; and in about a quarter of an hour, I was requested to walk up another pair of stairs, and on entering, as I supposed, the bed-chamber of Mrs. Ellis, the first object I beheld was Mr. O'Gorman.

In an instant I saw the deep-laid plan formed for my destruction, and screamed as loudly as I could for James, Mrs. Maxwell's servant.

"Your cries are vain, madam," said Mr. O'Gorman, advancing and seizing my hand; "you are now in the power of a husband whose vengeance you ought to dread for your infamous desertion of him; but I still love you well enough to let my future conduct towards you depend wholly on yourself."

"Hear me, sir," cried I. "It was my firm determination when I left you, never again to live with you; this de-

termination nothing shall induce me to alter, but if you will instantly suffer me to return to my friends, I will willingly sign any paper you please never to claim from you a shilling while I live.

"Oh! I don't in the least doubt your readiness to do so," replied he; "your champion Lord S———, no doubt, will amply provide for you, and it is certainly more *reputable* and pleasant to share his fortune than that of a husband who adores you."

I disdained to reply to this speech.

Immediately on my entrance, Mr. O'Gorman had locked the door, and I looked round the room in vain to see whether there was any possibility of an escape.

"I understand the language of your eyes, madam," said he; "but your hopes are vain—I have not wired the bird to let it fly so easily."

The air of triumph which accompanied these words, provoked me not a little, but I was silent. "So you mean to treat me with all your former apathy, I find, madam," cried he; "but you will not be any gainer by so doing, I assure you. A little humility would become you much better."

He now rang the bell, and a voice from without answered, "All's ready, sir."

"You must allow me to tie this handkerchief over your eyes, madam," said he, advancing to me.

"I will not," replied I.

"Resistance to my will you ought to suppose must be vain," said he, in a threatning tone, "and you will find it is the wisest way to submit with a good grace to what is unavoidable."

"Hear me for a few moments, Mr. O'Gorman, I beseech you," cried I.

"As many as you please when we are seated in the carriage, which is waiting for us," said he; and forcibly grasping my hands in one of his, with the other he placed a handkerchief over my forehead, which he drew so tight as to hurt me. I complained of the pain.

"You shall be released in a few moments," said he; and unlocking the door, he carried me down stairs, and placed me in a coach, into which he immediately jumped, and pulling up the blinds, took the handkerchief from my eyes.

"I know your spirit, Mrs. O'Gorman," cried he; "but you have never hitherto had a proper opportunity to judge of mine."

"I think not," retorted I, "for I have seen it very improperly exerted."

"A truce to your flippancy, madam," said he; "this is not a time for the indulgence of it."

He drew a pistol from his pocket, and with much solemnity, continued, "I have positively determined that nothing but death shall separate us; and now mark me, if you attempt to call for assistance, that moment is your last, and you will perish with the dreadful certainty of having occasiond my death as well as your own, for I will not await the disgrace of a public execution."

The look that accompanied his words, convinced me he was in earnest.

"I give you my honour," said I, "I will not attempt to escape; but surely, when you come to consider this matter coolly and dispassionately, you will yourself release me."

"We must talk about that when we come to the end of our journey," replied he.

We now proceeded some time in si-

lence, which was broken by Mr. O'Gorman.

"You are really grown much handsomer, Ellen," said he, with the most perfect appearance of good humour. "The pretty petulant child who ran away because her dog was ill treated, (for I never could assign any other reason,) is transformed into the lovely elegant young woman, who, I hope, has learned that it is the duty of a wife to bear with the infirmities of her husband's temper."

"You have forgotten that it was not only your temper alone I had to bear with, Mr. O'Gorman," cried I, "and that you punished me and my dog in the same manner."

"Why I do plead guilty to that unlucky blow," replied he; "but faith I was very sorry for it, and now, as well as then, sincerely beg your pardon."

"I have long since, as a Christian, forgiven you," replied I, "but I never can forget your conduct."

"Heydey, my dear little Zanga in petticoats!" cried he.

"'Heavens! a blow' ought never to be bestowed on a woman, Mr. O'Gorman," said I, interrupting him, with some vehemence, "by any man who does not mean to resign all title to the name. The action was at once cruel, cowardly, and ungentlemanly."

"A very pretty lecture, upon my soul," cried he; "but though I am not fond of jobations, and you used formerly never to indulge in them, yet you see I am not out of humour with you. Come, I see our re-union will be a happy one."

"Never," said I, firmly; "you shall find my determination on this point unalterable."

I saw that it cost him the greatest effort to command his temper at this speech, but he affected to treat it as the effusions of romance.

"Confess now," said he, "you are very much obliged to me for carrying you off. "An incident so novel as a husband running away with his wife, will tell amazingly well in the history of your adventures. By the bye, I wonder, in your fine independent plan of providing for yourself, it never entered your head to turn authoress; I've a notion you would have succeeded famously in that way, if you had preferred 'empty praise to solid pudding.' The fine clear air of Grub Street, and the elegant establishment your talents would enable you to support there, might, I fancy, have been of infinite service to my cause, and in a little time, you would probably have preferred the *vulgar* comforts of Ash

Dale to the Heliconian fount, inspiring as it is."

"As I never was tempted to try the experiment," replied I, "it is impossible to say how it would have ended; but you will please to remember, however romantic the plan that I did pursue may appear in your eyes, it was ultimately successful."

"It was a most unpromising speculation however, you may assure yourself," cried he. "And how could it have ended? After wearing out your youth in a state of dependance, what provision was there likely to be made for old age? But I forget, heroines never grow old in poverty, though it is sometimes *proper* they should be distressed by way of creating an interest. The cruel husband would have died, that the lady might have become a Countess, and rewarded the *Platonic* affection of her generous noble cousin; and then you know, the novel would

have ended so *sweetly*, as the misses say. But I assure you, my dear Ellen, I have no such civil intention. Though there is some disparity in our ages (by the bye, 'this some disparity' was a *trifling* difference of rather more than thirty years), yet I hope to live long enough to make you amends for this never-to-be-forgotten blow."

I was silent; and at the end of some miles, Mr. O'Gorman begged I would take a little refreshment; "I have taken care you shall not be starved on the road," said he, "unless it is your own fault, though we will not stop till we reach the end of our journey."

Notwithstanding I felt very little inclination to comply with his request, yet I did not like to refuse, from an idea, that if I did, I should be teased with his sarcastic speeches. I strove to force down a ham sandwich and a glass of wine.

He seemed highly pleased that I

did so, and with great cordiality, drank my health in a bumper of brandy.

All that day and night we proceeded without stopping, except to change horses, and I noticed our way was through bye and apparently unfrequented roads.

Towards the middle of the next day, we entered a wood. "We are now nearly arrived at our place of destination," said Mr. O'Gorman, "and when we reach it, I think you will be forced to allow, that in point of situation, I could not have done better for you; there is not a heroine of them all can boast of being incarcerated in a country more romantic and beautiful. To be sure, the mansion itself I am forced to confess is but so so; there is neither a moat nor a draw-bridge, and the apartments are by no means of a sufficient size to be *properly* gloomy

and dismal. I assure you, however, that is not my fault, for I was perfectly well disposed to have acted in every respect according to *rule*, but unfortunately there is at present quite a dearth of dilapidated castles, and you know, I have no acquaintance with any great man whose friendship might induce him to accommodate me with his half-ruined mansion-house for the occasion."

As I knew perfectly well that my appearing to notice these insolent sarcasms would give him the highest pleasure, I was silent.

On leaving the wood, we soon reached a small neat house, the door of which was opened by a middle-aged woman, whose broad ruddy countenance was equally expressive of honesty and good-humour.

"Well, Dorothy," cried Mr. O'Gorman, handing me from the

chaise, "I have brought you home your mistress, you see."

"I be's main glad to zee yaw and madam, I'll azzure yow, zir," cried she, "and I'ze hope yow'll find all as zhou'd be."

"No doubt of it, I dare say, Dorothy," replied he. "This, my dear, (to me) is to be your attendant."

"Lauk! I be'ant fit to weat on zuch a leady I'm zure; but I be's willing, thof' mayhap not so handy lioke, madam," cried she.

I was so pleased with her manner and appearance, that I said I was sure I should like her very well, and with a simper and a courtesy, she led us into one of the prettiest rooms I ever saw; it was small, but the very picture of neatness and comfort.

"How do you like your new habitation?" said Mr. O'Gorman.

"Very much," replied I, chearfully.

He seemed surprised and pleased at my answer, and asked whether I would have dinner.

I gave the preference to a cup of coffee, which was brought immediately by Dorothy.

When it was removed, "Your conduct during our journey, and since our arrival, has equally pleased and surprised me, Ellen," said Mr. O'Gorman, "for I confess I expected tears, fits, and all the etceteras your sex generally practise when they are compelled to do what they dislike. In rising superior to those little arts, and submitting cheerfully to my will, you have exceedingly enhanced the opinion I always entertained of your good sense, and my future life shall be spent in convincing you how sincerely I wish to render you happy."

"I must beg to be heard with patience, Mr. O'Gorman," replied I, mildly, but firmly. "When I became your wife, my heart was perfectly free, and you might, by treating me with even common kindness, have wholly secured it; but by a series of the most unprovoked ill-treatment you converted indifference into disgust.

"Finding, at length, that every effort on my part, to wean you from the indulgence of a most odious vice, failed, and that you considered me merely in the degrading light of a creature, whom, as your property, you were privileged to use as you thought proper, I was roused by a sense of that right which every human creature indisputably has, to escape from positive misery (if they can do so without a breach of moral rectitude), to leave you.

"Your conduct I considered had

decidedly freed me from any obligation to live with you; but I equally respected the vow I had taken, and the laws of society.

"I sought for, and obtained, by the exercise of those little talents with which Heaven had gifted me, a decent provision; and when by the discovery that I was your wife, I found myself compelled to leave a situation in which I had been perfectly happy; in the generosity and friendship of my cousin, Lord S———, I rested secure for the means of support till I could obtain another.

"The hints you have thrown out as to the nature of his regard for me, I do not condescend to reply to, for of their fallacy you are, I know, convinced. He is strongly attached to Miss Belmont, my former pupil, and in a short time, I have reason to suppose, will lead her to the altar; in

that case, he purposed to make his house my asylum. And if you will suffer me to return to London, I repeat my former offer, never to make any pecuniary demand upon you; if, on the contrary, you chuse to retain me a prisoner, you have certainly the power to do so, but no consideration shall induce me ever again to share your bed; and I solemnly call Heaven to witness, that were death the alternative, I would prefer it to living with you as your wife."

He had listened to me with the utmost attention, and with more calmness than I expected; but his flushed cheek, and the indignation which sparkled in his eye, shewed what it cost him to command his temper.

After a pause, "This," said he, "is your resolution?"

"It is," replied I.

"I will not, at present, try to pre-

vail on you to change it," said he, "but I, in my turn, expect to be heard with attention. Of my former conduct I shall say nothing, though I by no means think you had more to submit to than many women who make exemplary wives.

"You were hurt, I know, at being secluded from the world; I now assure you, that in the event of our reunion, you shall have every enjoyment and amusement that my fortune can afford, and of my conduct you never again will have the smallest reason to complain. If, on the contrary, you persist in the resolution you so rashly formed, not to live with me as my wife, this house is your future prison, and beyond the walls of that garden you never shall go alive, or at least, during my life, And now I will not listen to an answer till this time to-morrow."

I bowed in silence, and he presently said, "Dorothy shall attend you, if you wish to see your bed-chamber."

I said I did, and Dorothy shewed me up stairs into a bed-room perfectly neat and comfortable, which overlooked a delightful garden.

I am particularly fond of flowers, and my room was decorated with a profusion of the most beautiful, which Dorothy officiously said she would remove if they were disagreeable, adding, with a look of much consequence, she had lived in a great Lord's family, where the lady never would have any in her chamber, because her nerves were too weak to bear the smell of them.

I assured her that mine were not so fashionable, and that while they were in season, I should be glad to have them fresh every day.

With much glee, Dorothy told me I might trust to her for that.

When I returned to the parlour, Mr. O'Gorman asked how I liked my bed-chamber.

I answered, "Very much."

"Confess, however," said he, "that you were a little disappointed in the appearance of your prison, as I suppose I must call it."

"No," said I; "not disappointed, but agreeably surprised."

"Why," returned he, "the cabbin is convenient, as Bobadil says."

"More than convenient, I think," cried I; "it seems to me the very temple of comfort."

"Does it?" replied he, eagerly. "You have it indeed in your power to render it so."

I suppose my looks told him, whatever power I possessed, the inclination

was wanting, for he prevented my reply by directlya dding, "I had forgot this is, at present, a prohibited subject; so if you please, we will call another."

"Willingly," said I; "and if I may enquire, how did you discover I was in London?"

"Why, really," replied he, "I do not know that I am obliged to keep it a secret—your aunt was my informer."

I cannot tell you, my dear Charlotte, the indignation I felt at this information.

"She complained," added he, "that you had caused a very serious dispute between her and her son, and persuaded him into supporting you in a law-suit you meant to commence against me."

"I never had the least intention to litigate matters," said I, "nor did I

say a syllable that could have occasioned a quarrel between Lord S——— and her Ladyship; but it was like her—proud, unfeeling, selfish woman!"

"Nay, nay, don't be abusive, Ellen," cried Mr. O'Gorman; "she only followed the dictates of her conscience. You know, 'whom the Lord joins, let no man put asunder.'"

A very vulgar, but appropriate old proverb, at this moment occurred to me. "The Devil can quote scripture for his purpose."

"I see by your countenance," said Mr. O'Gorman, "you are rather a sceptic as to her Ladyship's conscience, and more inclined to attribute her zeal in my cause, to offended pride than to religious motives, and perhaps you are right; but I am content to benefit by the effect, without troubling my head about the cause."

"Truly," thought I, "you will

enjoy a wonderful benefit from her Ladyship's kind interference, in exercising the enviable office of a gaoler."

I had, however, the prudence to keep my thoughts to myself, and we separated for the night at an early hour.

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. O'Gorman determines to bring me to reason—His mode of doing it — Miss Wilmot's story — Mr. O'Gorman offers me unconditional liberty—I consent to a re-union—Mrs. Maxwell comes to me—An ingenious reproof to malignity.

Mr. O'Gorman's apartment was opposite mine, and in a considerable time after I had bade him good night, I heard him come up stairs; his step convinced me he had paid due homage to Bacchus, and I was glad I had

taken the precaution to fasten my door. He tried it in vain, and then softly called me.

You may be sure I was in too sound a sleep to be *easily* disturbed, but repeated rapping at last obliged me to enquire who was there.

In very passionate, though not very intelligible terms, Mr. O'Gorman begged to be admitted; and on my positive refusal, favoured me with something more than half an hour's harangue on the sin of which I was guilty in destroying his peace. He ended by an assurance that he knew he should not close his eyes the whole night.

"I will trust to the draughts you have swallowed, for producing a soporific effect," thought I; and in fact, I was perfectly right, for in five minutes after I heard him get into bed, his breathing gave undeniable evidence of his being in a sound sleep.

I now endeavoured to compose myself, but in vain; notwithstanding my fatigue, I could not close my eyes—a thousand unpleasant ideas rose to my mind, and not the least was, "what must my friends in London think of my strange disappearance?" Mrs. Maxwell and Emma I well knew would be very unhappy on finding I did not return, and I dreaded that my spirited and affectionate cousin might discover the place of our retreat, and endeavour to rescue me from the power of my tyrant, in which case, the most fatal consequences would probably ensue.

These reflections kept me awake till some time after the morning dawned, and as I found it vain to think of sleep, I arose and dressed, with an intention of sauntering into the garden.

I found Dorothy up, but she said her master had the keys brought into

his room ; so I was obliged to return, and content myself with a view of it from my window.

The morning air, and the sweet perfume of the flowers, insensibly tranquillized my spirits.

When I went down to breakfast, Mr. O'Gorman apologized for having disturbed me, and laid the blame on fatigue and vexation. I made a very slight reply.

After breakfast, I rambled about the garden, which was very large and beautiful.

A hale old man, who I found was Dorothy's husband, seemed busily employed among the plants.

As I was always fond of a garden, I stopped and praised the excellent order in which every thing was kept.

The old man appeared highly gratified, and in a dialect so broad, I could scarcely understand him, thanked me,

and said nobody zhou'd have voiner vlowers than my Leadyzhip.

After we had dined, Mr. O'Gorman resumed the subject of the preceding day.

When he found my resolution proof against his entreaties, he relapsed into all the violence and grossness of his natural character.

I took refuge in flight from a storm of execrations and reproaches; I locked my door, and refused to appear below during the remainder of the day.

The next morning produced a renewal of my persecution, and for some days, Mr. O'Gorman worried me without ceasing.

I must own I was much better pleased with this conduct than I should have been if he had behaved rationally, since, in the latter case, I could not have altered my resolution, and it

would have hurt me to know I was the cause of actual unhappiness to him; but his present behaviour set my conscience at rest.

I had repeatedly enquired in what part of England we were, but I found John and Dorothy had orders not to inform me. From their accent, I concluded it was Somersetshire, and I afterwards found I was right.

I suffered a whimsical sort of distress in being without any cloaths, except the muslin wrapper I had on when Mr. O'Gorman carried me off, and more than half affronted Dorothy by preferring one of her morning jackets to a fine full dress suit of flowered silk which she offered to lend me, while she took my wrapper to the next market-town, as a pattern to purchase some dresses by.

My new wardrobe, you may suppose, was a very simple one, since,

Heaven knows, I had no temptation to dress. I had some idea that I should be left to the enjoyment of uninterrupted solitude in a little time, for I could hardly suppose Mr. O'Gorman would live always without society merely for the pleasure of being my gaoler; but he had sunk into a mode of life which rendered society of little consequence to him. The greater part of the night was wasted in intoxication; the mornings were lost in sleeping off the effects of his noctural debauch; and the middle of the day he generally employed either in abusing me, or amusing himself with sarcastic innuendoes on my calm and heroine-like deportment.

A month passed in this manner, and no opportunity for an escape presented itself.

The loquacious simplicity of Dorothy might have afforded me some

amusement, but I knew Mr. O'Gorman would behave with additional ill manners if he saw that I took any notice of her, and when she attended to dress and undress me, I made a point of detaining her as short a time as possible.

One day that I had a slight hoarseness, she was recommending a remedy which she said never failed to take it immediately away, and not being able to recollect the ingredients, she drew out a pocket-book to look for the recipe. I thought the pocket-book, one of the prettiest I had seen, and I took it up to examine; but conceive my surprise, when casting my eyes on a blank leaf, I saw written, "A New Year's gift to my beloved Fanny," and underneath, the signature of George Clairville!

"How did you come by this?" cried

I, almost breathless, to Dorothy, who, misinterpreting my agitation, replied, "Very honestly, I assure you, madam."

"I do not doubt that," said I; "I only wish to know how it came into your possession."

"Oh! that be zuch a long ztory; but mayhap yow know'd the leady that owned it?"

"Yes," replied I, without knowing what I said.

"Poor zoul!" cried Dorothy, "I wur the very one as closed her eyes."

"Good Heavens! were you then the attendant of Lady Glencarrel?" exclaimed I.

"I never knowed as how zhe wur a Leady," said Dorothy. "To be zure, zhe wur a pratty zort of body vor all zhe wur zo distrest."

"How so?" cried I.

"Why, madam, zhe wur quoite famished lioke vor want, and I zupported her my ownzel'."

This could not be Lady Glencarrel, and yet the pocket-book had assuredly belonged to her. I begged Dorothy to explain; but it was, as she said, a long story, and I believe I must give it you in my own words.

The great Lord, whom Dorothy told me she had lived servant to, was the Earl of Dorville; and his lady, with a strong passion for dress, had a turn for economy, not very common in the higher walks of life. The censorious vulgar indeed said that her Ladyship's bargain-hunting disposition bordered on parsimony. But she very properly thought Countesses should buy things as cheap as other people; yet somehow or other, it always happened that her ladyship's economy was of little use. She had so great a pre-

dilection for bargains, that any thing cheap was to her irresistible, whether she wanted it or not; and with the greatest profusion of lace, trinkets, &c. she was always the worst dressed woman of her rank in town.

At the time Dorothy lived in the family, Lady Dorville had discovered a perfect treasure, she said, in a young woman who made artificial flowers in the most elegant style, and so cheap it would be quite foolish to lose the opportunity of having a quantity when they were sold absolutely for a mere nothing.

The person who made the flowers, always sent them home by a pretty, but emaciated young woman, who said she was just recovered from a nervous fever, and Miss Wilmot, the flower-maker, had been very kind to her, and indeed supported her during a long illness.

The story of this Miss Wilmot I cannot forbear telling you, dear Charlotte. Her father was a clergyman; he had been tutor to Sir Charles Melbury, who procured him a small living, and during his life, made Mr. Wilmot some very handsome presents, which enabled him to keep his son, a fine young man, at the University.

The sudden death of Sir Charles preceded that of Mr. Wilmot only a few days. His living had been a small one, and the trifle he left behind him was not a shadow of provision for his son and daughter.

Maria's affections were engaged to a young gentleman of the name of Maynard, and her father had sanctioned his addresses, but prohibited their marriage till he was in a situation to maintain a wife.

A lucrative and honorable employment was offered him abroad, and

with the strongest assurance of his Maria's constancy, and vow on his part of unalterable affection, he quitted England in the sweet hope of soon returning to share an honorably acquired competence with the woman of his heart.

Two months after the departure of her lover, poor Maria lost her father; and his death, in addition to the affliction which it caused, plunged herself and her brother into the greatest pecuniary distress.

The nephew of Sir Charles Melbury had succeeded to his estate and title; he had some slight knowledge of Mr. Wilmot, and immediately on the death of that gentleman, visited his children, and with the greatest generosity pressed on them a present supply of cash, and offered his interest to provide for Wilmot in any way the young man preferred.

Poor Wilmot was overjoyed at an offer so generous and unexpected. He declared he only wished for any situation in which his talents could be exerted to procure independent bread, and provide for his sister; and most thankfully accepted an appointment to India, in the Company's service, which Sir Frederic procured him.

The young Baronet fitted him out for the voyage, and promised to exert all his interest, which was very considerable, to obtain him promotion.

As to his sister, Sir Frederic declared he was sure, if his uncle was alive, the daughter of Mr. Wilmot would be treated by him as his own, and till Wilmot could remit money from India, he insisted on being allowed a brother's right to provide for Maria.

The gratitude of Wilmot and his

sister was unbounded. Previous to the young man's departure, Maria was placed as a boarder in the house of a lady whom Sir Frederic recommended, and pronounced one of the best women in the world.

Notwithstanding the goodness of his prospects, Wilmot quitted England with a heavy heart, and poor Maria, in parting with her brother, felt as if she was bereft of every friend.

Mrs. Monson, the lady with whom she boarded, did every thing in her power to amuse and console her. Nor was Sir Frederic neglectful of his sister, as he delighted to call Maria. His visits at Mrs. Monson's were almost daily, and Maria could not fail to perceive his regard assume an appearance far from Platonic—a discovery which distressed her not a

little. Had the wealth of worlds been held out as a lure, it would not have power to shake her faith to her lover.

Sir Frederic was acquainted with the engagements subsisting between Mr. Maynard and her; yet without making an open declaration he loved, he took every pains to let her see he did.

Maria's timidity prevented her mentioning the name of her lover to him; but one day that she had just received a packet from Maynard, Sir Frederic entered unexpectedly, and surprised her in tears.

He expressed some alarm, which she hastened to remove by an assurance that they were tears of joy.

"It cannot yet be a packet from your brother?" said he, with an anxious look at it, as if he felt a wish to know the contents.

"No, Sir Frederic," replied Maria;

" but I ought not to have any secrets from you, honoured as I am in being considered your sister."

She put the packet into his hand. His countenance changed considerably while he read it, and when he had finished, he laid it on the table, and left the room without speaking.

Maria now flattered herself, that if he felt a softer sentiment for her than friendship, he would conquer it; but the next day, he, with very little ceremony, made her an offer of his hand.

Maria reminded him of her engagement to Mr. Maynard, and declared it was impossible for her to break throught it.

The young Baronet represented the probability of that gentleman's death or inconstancy; but Maria was an infidel as to the latter, and for the former, she trusted to Heaven, the preservation of a life so dear to her.

In the warmest manner she thanked Frederic for all his goodness to her brother and herself, and hoped her refusal of the honour he intended her would not be the means of depriving Wilmot of his friendship.

He promised it should not, and with an assumed appearance of placidity, took his leave.

His pride had, however, received a mortal and unexpected wound, for in offering Maria his hand, he had not a single doubt of her joyful and immediate acceptance of it; but marriage was the last thing in his thoughts. In all he had done for the Wilmots, he was actuated by the basest motives, and the dishonour of the sister was to repay him the money he advanced the brother.

His character, we will hope for the honour of humanity, was not a common one. Pretty as Miss Wilmot

was, her person to him would not have been attractive, but for her innocence; his sole delight consisted in seduction, and many were the victims to his insidious arts. If he saw a girl tolerably pretty, who was innocent and unprotected, he spared no pains or expense to get possession of her heart and her person; but as soon as the poor frail one had, to speak in Yarico's words, "Given up all for him," he directly abandoned her to poverty and shame.

The sin of seduction is certainly of the blackest die, but how dreadfully is it aggravated by conduct like this.

For some days Sir Frederic behaved with great apparent caution, and Maria pitied the struggle she thought it cost him to conceal his passion. Mrs. Monson had a small house, she said, about twenty miles from London, which she wished to visit, if Miss Wilmot had no objection Maria had never before

heard of this house, but of course she consented to go.

As it was summer, and the weather warm, Mrs. Monson preferred travelling in the evening; and it was late when they reached the Cottage, the name she said she had given her little place, which, however, Maria thought resembled a cottage in nothing but the size of the rooms. The furniture was perfectly modern and tasteful, though not sumptuous, and Maria could not help fancying every thing wore an air of voluptuous elegance which ill accorded with the mediocrity of her friend's fortune.

They had travelled with rapidity, and Mrs. Monson complained that heat and fatigue rendered her very thirsty; she drank freely of white wine negus, and Maria followed her example.

After a slight supper, the ladies re-

tired to rest in separate apartments. But conceive the horror of the unfortunate Miss Wilmot, when she awoke in the arms of Sir Frederic Melbury; no words can paint the distraction of the poor lost girl, who listened with a vacant stupor to his repeated offers of atoning by marriage for the injury he had done her. Frightened at finding she sat the statue of despair, Sir Frederic left her, and in a few minutes Mrs. Monson made her appearance. Her entrance roused Maria, who interrupted the apology she was beginning, by peremptorily insisting on being suffered to return immediately to London, a resolution Mrs. Monson promised not to oppose, she only begged first to be heard, and she then repeated, in Sir Frederic's name, his offer of marriage, which no intreaties of this artful woman could reconcile Maria to the

thought of accepting; and she still persisted in her wish to return to London.

Mrs. Monson assured her if she continued to reject Sir Frederic's hand, she should be suffered to do so the next day; and then begging Maria, for her own sake, to consider the madness of refusing, in her circumstances, such a proposal, she left the room.

Breakfast was sent up by a servant, and for some hours Maria had leisure for "meditation e'en to madness." Every idea of becoming the wife of her beloved Maynard must now be relinquished. But her whole soul revolted at the thought of vowing to love, honour, and obey the infamous destroyer of her happiness; and when about the dinner hour, Mrs. Monson came up to know the result of her deliberation, she repeated her rejection of his hand in the most positive terms.

"Poor Sir Frederic," cried Mrs. Monson, bursting into tears, "this news will be his death blow. Alas! the scheme to which he thought to owe all his happiness, has deprived him of it for ever."

"How can such a monster hope to be happy?" exclaimed Maria. "Would to Heaven my brother and myself had followed my dear father to the grave before we became the objects of his pretended bounty."

As she was inexorable, Mrs. Monson ceased to urge the matter, and left her not very well pleased to find all the excuses she made for her own share in this nefarious business were treated by Maria with contempt.

The next morning Sir Frederic himself obtruded on the poor girl, and when tears, sighs, and protestations, were, he found, ineffectual, he told the unhappy Maria she had it yet in her power to chuse. If she preferred being

his mistress to becoming Lady Melbury, he was ready to share with her "Love free as air!" But in his power she was, and a wife or a mistress he was determined to make of her.

Thus situated, Maria thought it better to yield to legal misery, than live to be pointed at by the finger of scorn; for of his possessing both the power and inclination to put his threats in practice she was too well convinced. She assented to become Lady Melbury, and that evening the marriage ceremony was performed.

The first act of the bride was to request Mrs. Monson or herself might return to London; and Sir Frederic, who declared her wishes should henceforth be his law, dismissed Mrs. Monson directly. The cottage was, indeed, as Maria suspected, his own.

The irrevocable vow once taken, Lady Melbury endeavoured, by every

means, to banish the remembrance of the past. The letters of Mr. Maynard, and some little ornaments which he presented her with, and she had delighted to hear, were inclosed in a packet, and laid in a drawer; but vainly did poor Maria strive to banish remembrance, she could not but recollect "such things were."

Sir Frederic treated her with a degree of passionate fondness which was very distressing to her for about a fortnight; at the end of that time he pretended business in London, and was absent for three weeks: most welcome indeed was his absence to Maria, who spent it in endeavouring to fortify her mind, and her exertions were in some degree successful. She met Sir Frederic, on his return, with an assumed chearfulness that seemed highly to please him.

For some days he behaved with all

his usual attention, but a coolness, which Maria could not fail to perceive, soon took place of his raptures.

This change caused Lady Melbury no uneasiness, on the contrary she thought it would be a means of their living together on much better terms. But conceive her horror and astonishment, when, one morning, on her asking when they were to remove to London, Sir Frederic answered, he meant to go there the next week, and if she preferred town to the country he would take lodgings for her.

"Lodgings!" repeated she, "have you parted with your house?"

"Certainly not," said he, "but you do not suppose we are to continue to live together."

"Do you then mean to part with me?" asked the astonished Maria.

"Yes," replied he with the utmost coolness, "'tis time to end the farce.

Could you, Maria, ever for a moment believe it was possible I could forgive your insolent rejection of my addresses, and make you really my wife?"

"Good heavens! and is it possible that I am not so then?" cried she.

"'Tis very possible, and very true, I assure you," said the insulting wretch, "but if it is not your own fault you shall have no reason to complain; I will provide for you, and the world may always remain in ignorance of"—

"No, monster!" interrupted Maria, "I would perish sooner than be indebted to you for a support."

"When you get out of these heroics I will talk to you, madam; for the present I must wish you a good morning," and he left the room.

To quit him instantly was now Maria's determination, and it was one that met with no opposition.

Tired of the unhappy victim of his

artifices, he witnessed her departure with satisfaction; he sent her indeed a Bank note, but she returned it; she likewise left behind her those presents he had made her on their marriage, and retaining nothing but what was strictly her own, she set out for London in a most pitiable state of mind.

A woman whom she had employed as a dress-maker, recommended her to small, but respectable lodgings, and when the tumult of her soul had a little subsided, she began to consider in what way she could provide for herself; which, in the manner she had been brought up, it was no easy matter to do.

And here, by the bye, I cannot help digressing a little to observe how very blameable the conduct of parents in a middle rank of life often is, but in Ireland in particular; though they are conscious that at their deaths their

daughters must, if not married, be wholly destitute of provision; yet pride prevents their having the girls taught a business; and as in all probability they have never learned, or at least are incapable of teaching the showy accomplishments of the present day, they are suddenly plunged from the enjoyment of a decent competence, into a state of abject poverty, and unable to submit to the drudgery required from menial servants, they frequently fall victims to want, rather than any vicious inclination.

The absurd practice of employing men in those shops which women are equally, or indeed I should rather say much better calculated to attend, has been too often, and too justly censured for me to descant on the subject. But I confess my blood has frequently risen at the idea of those effeminate puppies haranguing in their

nonsensical style on the beauty of lace and muslin, perhaps to those very women, who, could they have obtained employment behind a counter, would have been honest and happy members of society instead of being obliged to veil, under an assumed gaiety, the pangs of remorse, disgust, and abhorrence to a mode of life which every mind, not devoid of all feeling, must consider dreadful.

But to resume Miss Wilmot's history.—Artificial flowers were at this period very much worn, and Miss Wilmot made them incomparably well. Her friend, the dress-maker, recommended her to several ladies, and Maria saw, with pleasure, what she formerly regarded merely as an amusement would procure her a decent subsistence. She pursued it, however, with an unremitting attention that injured her health; never accustomed

to a sedentary life, it brought on a violent pain in the side; her landlady, who had become very partial to Maria, was alarmed and insisted on her having advice.

Air and exercise were prescribed by a medical gentleman, but Maria felt little inclination to follow his advice. Mrs. Marshall, however, frequently forced her out, and the consequence was a visible amendment in her health.

One day Mrs. Marshall proposed an excursion to Hackney, as she had a relation there whom she had not seen for some time, and Maria accompanied her.

"Mrs. Brunton, the poor woman we are going to see, my dear Miss Wilmot," said Mrs. Marshall, "has a hard struggle to live, she was left a widow with a young family, and her principal dependance is on her lodgings, which generally let very well.

Mrs. Brunton received them with great cordiality, and her plain, but comfortable dinner was relished better by her guests from not being accompanied by the usual excuses of being quite unprepared, and vastly sorry there was nothing fit to eat, which, in fact, is only a civil way of telling your guests you had rather they dined any where else

"I am at this moment in the most disagreeable situation," said Mrs. Brunton, after dinner. "I have an excellent offer for my lodgings, which at present are empty, but I know not what to do with a poor woman who has been with me for some time, since the new-comers will want every room I can spare from my own family, and she is in a very bad state of health. I have tried round the neighbourhood to get her a lodging in vain, and what is to become of her I cannot tell; she

talks, indeed, of going to service, but I am sure she will be a long time, if ever, before she recovers her strength."

"What is her disorder?" asked Miss Wilmot.

"A nervous fever," was the reply, "brought on by extreme ill usage from her husband.—About three months ago, they took my lodgings, and he pretended to have property in America; but I soon understood from her, that what they had had was converted into cash, and she was fearful Mr. Brown was dissipating it very fast.

"Poor thing! her suspicions were too just. Night after night he remained at the gaming-table. At her desire, I asked for, and received my rent regularly during the first two months; for the three following weeks he made excuses.

"About ten days ago he left home,

and we have never seen or heard of him since. His poor wife had only a few shillings at the time of his departure, and previous to it, he had obliged her to sell most of her cloaths; so that she is truly in a destitute state."

"I have an attic which I could spare her, for it is one I never let," said Mrs. Marshall.

"And I will be happy to join with you in being of service to her," cried Maria; "but I hope she is not likely to be the worse for being moved."

Mrs. Brunton replied in the negative, and the poor woman, with many expressions of thanks for their kindness, accompanied Miss Wilmot and Mrs. Marshall to town.

Her recovery was long and doubtful, and to the benevolence of Maria, she owed her principal support.

Mrs. Marshall indeed gave her a lodging gratis, and would have done

more for her, but Mrs. Marshall's circumstances were but moderate, and she had no idea of sparing from her own wants to assist others.

Maria, who was naturally frugal and temperate, abridged her little comforts, that she might have it in her power to serve Mrs. Brown. The poor creature's recovery, and the gratitude she expressed, was an ample recompense to her generous benefactress.

Miss Wilmot's business daily increased, and when Mrs Brown was able to be about, she offered, and Miss Wilmot accepted her services to carry home the flowers, which Maria had been obliged hitherto, as she did not keep a servant, to pay a girl for doing.

Maria became daily more attached to her new attendant, whose manners, though by no means polished, were above the lower class, and her temper

appeared mildness itself. A settled melancholy and depression which Miss Wilmot supposed was occasioned by the conduct of her husband, hung upon her spirits; but she never mentioned any particulars of her past life, nor did Maria ever enquire into it.

Some months now elapsed, and Miss Wilmot had not heard from her lover or her brother. She had written to the former, and without mentioning any particulars, declared an unalterable resolution, never to marry; she released him from his vows of constancy, and wished him every happiness in another choice.

Many were the letters poor Maria wrote and tore before she sent one, which, after all, was not to her mind; and how indeed could it? Still attached as fondly as ever to that lover she felt herself compelled to renounce, and not daring to assign a reason for

her conduct, what must Maynard think of her.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, mentally, while she bathed the letter with her tears, "how cruelly am I obliged to to rend his heart! Yet how short-lived are the pangs he will feel, compared to those which must ever torture me! His noble spirit will indeed be deeply wounded, but pride may soon enable him to conquer a passion of which my apparently inexplicable and capricious conduct must induce him to think me unworthy."

Some days after Maria had sent this letter, casting her eye carelessly over a newspaper, the following paragraph caught her attention:

"A duel yesterday took place between Sir Frederic Melbury and a Mr. Wilmot. Sir Frederic is slightly wounded, but of his antagonist's re-

covery no hopes are entertained.—The cause of their meeting is not known."

Maria sunk senseless on the carpet, and in that state was discovered by Mrs. Brown, whose cries brought assistance.

She soon opened her eyes, but her senses were fled, and every attempt to recover them proved ineffectual.

Her unfortunate brother was indeed the Mr. Wilmot mentioned in the paragraph. A gentleman whom he became acquainted with abroad, had laid before him such incontrovertible proofs of the infamous libertinism of Sir Frederic Melbury's character; that terrified at the thought of his sister being in the power of such a man, he obtained leave to return to England.

Immediately on his arrival, he flew to Mrs. Monson's. She was out, but the servant informed him Miss Wilmot

had left the house, and where she was gone they did not know.

This was "confirmation strong" of Sir Frederic's villainy. To his house Wilmot directly went, and rushing without ceremony, into his presence, demanded Maria.

Sir Frederic replied, she had quitted the house in which he placed her, in a very strange manner, and for some time, he heard nothing of her.

This account did not satisfy the agonized brother, who charged Sir Frederic with basely taking advantage of his absence to ruin poor Maria.

This the Baronet peremptorily denied.

High words ensued, and the consequence was the meeting I have already mentioned.

Maria had spoken of her brother being in India, and Mrs. Marshall finding on enquiry, that the gentleman

spoke of in the paragraph, was but just returned from that country, enquired him out; but he had died of his wounds two days before the one on which she discovered his lodgings.

Mrs. Marshall knew not what to do with the unhappy Maria, who still remained in a state of frenzy.

The beautiful Duchess of ——— had been one of Miss Wilmot's customers. To her Mrs. Marshall applied; and when did real distress turn away unrelieved from ——— House?

Her Grace had the poor girl placed under the care of Doctor ———, a man equally famous for his skill and humanity; but both in this instance were exerted in vain.

Sir Frederic Melbury, on his recovery, traced the poor girl. He waited on the Duchess of ———, and after deploring the dreadful conse-

quences of his meeting with her brother, though without hinting at the cause of it, he declared his resolution to provide for the unhappy Maria during the remainder of her days.

Her Grace of course acceded; but Maria's miseries were near their close. She languished for a few months under the care of Doctor ———, and then died without having any interval of reason.

The wretch who conducted the poor sufferer to an early tomb, still survives, and as a man of gallantry, ranks high in the world of fashion. The murder (for what else can we call it?) of poor Wilmot, and the madness and death of his unhappy sister, gave a temporary check to Sir Frederic's career of libertinism, but he has resumed it with as much ardour as ever.

I have been enabled to give you the story of this girl from some papers

which Dorothy had in her possession, and from her own knowledge of what took place after Maria lost her senses.

Miss Wilmot's decease almost deprived Mrs. Brown of her only friend, and the shock she experienced on that occasion, brought on a return of her former complaint.

Dorothy, who, to use her own words, had taken "quoite a fancy to her," visited and gave her all the relief she could; and Lady Dorville's housekeeper, a good sort of woman, spoke to her Ladyship for the poor creature.

Lady Dorville was not void of humanity, and did intend to send her some relief, but unfortunately a jeweller of uncommon eminence in his profession, just then became a bankrupt, and his goods were of course sold considerably under first cost. Lady Dorville could not quit the

sale while she had a guinea in her purse, and her intended benefaction to poor Brown was obliged to be postponed.

Dorothy, however, bestirred herself so effectually among her fellow servants, that they all contributed their mite, and she engaged a woman who occasionally chared in the Earl's house, as a nurse for Mrs. Brown.

The gratitude of the unhappy woman was without bounds; and in the fulness of her heart, she owned to Dorothy, she had not deserved to meet with such a friend; she was justly punished for robbing and deserting her husband to elope with a villain who had, in his turn, deserted her.

The rightly-turned, though untutored mind of Dorothy conceived, however faulty this wretched woman's conduct might have been, her present conduct called rather for the voice of consola-

tion than reproach; and when the agony with which her confession was accompanied, proved the sincerity of her repentance, Dorothy joined her in the humble hope that the All-merciful Being, who died for our sins, would suffer her penitence to atone for her crimes.

The shock which the unfortunate Mrs. Tyrrel (for her you by this time perceive Mrs. Brown was) received by the news of Miss Wilmot's death, which was unguardedly communicated to her, accelerated to her own dissolution; and Dorothy mustered up resolution to hazard a second application to Lady Dorville for something towards the expenses of her funeral.

Fortunately for the interests of charity, there was no *bargains* in the way, and her Ladyship, on this occasion, was really liberal.

The pocket-book which led to my

discovery of Mrs. Tyrrel's fate, and some other thing of little value Dorothy reserved for herself; but at the conclusion of her tale, she observed, that as I knew the owner of it, if I liked, she would be quite happy to give it to me.

Mrs. Tyrrel said it had been her husband's, and I instantly conjectured what I afterwards found to be true, that it was given him by the unfortunate Lady Glencarrel.

I own to you, dear Charlotte, I could not resist the temptation which Dorothy's offer held out of possessing myself of what had once belonged to Clairville. You will suppose I did not *rob* her in taking it, for when I left London, I had a few guineas in my pocket; and Mr. O'Gorman said he thought it degraded the dignity of romance very much, that its heroines were generally treated by their *cruel*

persecutors in a sort of highwayman style, though to be sure it was *necessary* to deprive them of their cash, watches, and trinkets, in order to enhance the brilliancy of invention with which they *always* contrived to make their escape without the means of bribing any of the Argus's by whom they were surrounded, to favour it. Though he was willing, he said, to give me all possible credit for invention, yet from the precautions he had taken, I could not exercise it to any purpose, and therefore he should leave me in quiet possession of my money and watch.

I forced a couple of guineas upon Dorothy, who was very loath to accept of them, and repeatedly assured me the pocket-book was quoite at my zervice vor nothing.

I told her with truth, I should have thought it cheap at ten times the sum,

and she simply replied, vor zartain, I must have a hugeous regard vor the owner.

Her observaion called a blush into my cheek, and I hastened to dismiss her.

I do not exactly know, situated as I was, whether I had a right to possess myself of this pocket-book; but the question of right or wrong never occurred to me till it was mine.

Again and again did I read, "A New Year's Gift to my beloved Fanny," and as often did I wonder how Lady Glencarrel could have thought of parting with it.

From these reflections I was roused by a message from Mr. O'Gorman, whom I never felt less inclined to see.

When I entered, he rose and placed a chair for me

We were both silent some moments; at last, "'Tis now some months since

we came here, Mrs. O'Gorman," said he, "and long before this I hoped you would have seen the propriety and necessity of rescinding your romantic resolution of not living with me. Hear me," continued he, sternly; "by depriving me of those privileges to which I have an undoubted right, you drive me to the daily commission of a vice which sooner or later will destroy my constitution, and selfishly prefer the indulgence of your own humour to my happiness and reformation. I did not send for you to sooth your pride by entreaties which you would listen to unmoved, and of touching your heart I do not retain a hope; I merely wish to inform you you are free—return to London if you will, and amidst the enjoyment of that society, and those pleasures which you prefer to your duties, reflect, if you can without self-condemnation, on your conduct,

and compare my life henceforth with what it would have been had you performed your duty. But remember, madam, the odious tyrant from whom you will escape, does not mean you to exist by your own industry, or the bounty of Lord S———; I will take care you shall have a proper provision."

He rose and left the room before I could reply: indeed astonishment deprived me of the power of utterance, and I could hardly credit what I heard; but when I began to recollect myself a little, I saw clearly I had but one path to pursue.

Oh, how painful sometimes are our duties! By leaving Mr. O'Gorman, I could not secure my own peace, since his words would for ever ring in my ears; and little hope as I could think there was of his reformation, yet the thought would be beyond measure

dreadful that I had absolutely prevented it.

For a moment the idea occurred to me of candidly confessing to him my unfortunate partiality for Clairville, but a little reflection convinced me of the folly of such a step. Conscious as I was that my love for him was of that nature which could not call a blush into the cheek of modesty itself, and that if allowed to see and converse with him daily, I should have been perfectly happy, I yet knew that such a sentiment would be ridiculed by Mr. O'Gorman as ideal, and I feared that such a confession would give rise to the most cruel suspicions.

A middle way pointed itself out to me, and spite of my reluctance to again live with Mr. O'Gorman, the voice of conscience imperiously told me I ought to embrace it. This was to tell him,

if his resolution to reform was really sincere, I should, at the end of three months, return to his bed, provided I had no cause of complaint during that time.

I wrote him to this effect, and his reply was a solemn promise (on which I must own I did not place an entire dependance) to comply with my request.

I now solicited and readily obtained leave to write to London; and you may be sure I directly acquainted Mrs. Maxwell, Emma Belmont, and my cousin, with what had happened; only I avoided mentioning to Lord S——— the share his mother had had in my adventure.

Mr. O'Gorman had assured me he would make no objection to our spending a few months in London on our re-union, and I gave my friends hopes of soon seeing me.

You may be sure I longed for answers, which the return of post brought me.

Lord S——— declared that every step had been taken, but in vain, to discover my retreat, though no doubt was entertained by my friends of my having been carried off by Mr. O'Gorman.

The servant who attended me to Paddington, was told in a few minutes, by the woman who let us in, that the person I came to see had fainted, and appeared so ill that I desired he would immediately get a physician.

James, who had no suspicion of the orders being false, flew in search of one directly; but at that hour of the day, it was no easy matter to find one of any eminence.

James, however, after a fruitless search, accidentally met Doctor ———, who sometimes attended Mr. Maxwell,

and who went with him to Paddington; but on their arrival, the house was shut up, and they knocked and called in vain.

James returned with this news to Mrs. Maxwell, who, frightened almost out of her senses, sent directly for Lord S———; and he lost no time in taking every possible means to trace us, but without success. The landlord of the house at Paddington, declared he had let it for a month certain, to a gentleman who paid him the rent in advance.

A trusty servant had been dispatched by Lord S——— to Ash Dale; but he merely learned that Mr. O'Gorman was in England, though in what part, the person who had the care of the house, could not, or would not tell.

He concluded by every expression of joy at hearing from me, and an as-

surance, that if I was under the dominion of coercion, I had but to say so, and he would move heaven and earth to liberate me.

He added, in a postcript, that he had much to say about Emma Belmont, but that must be an epistle by itself.

That dear girl and Mrs. Maxwell were unbounded in their expressions of joy at hearing from me. The former dwelt in so artless a manner on the pains Lord S——— had taken to discover me, and to console her for my loss, that I saw with pleasure, Clairville's empire was shaken, and I anticipated the delight I should feel in calling the dear girl, Lady S———.

Mrs. Maxwell begged me to return to town as speedily as possible, and declared she expected I would make her house my home during my stay there.

It occurred to me that probably Mr. O'Gorman would indulge me with a visit from her, and I trusted to her friendship, in a great measure, for enabling me to reconcile myself to my destiny. The retired situation we were at present in, and which I preferred during Mr. O'Gorman's probationary three months, would not, I knew, be disagreeable to her; for she possessed, beyond most women whom I have ever known, the art of rendering solitude pleasant.

To a hint which I gave of inviting her, Mr. O'Gorman, to my great satisfaction, readily assented, and offered, if she would come, to go himself to London and bring her to me—an offer which highly gratified me, and was immediately accepted by her.

I never felt greater pleasure than when I threw myself into her arms,

and she embraced me with the affection of a mother.

Mr. O'Gorman, who had been much pleased with her on the journey, exerted himself to do the honours of his house; and as, when he pleased, his manners could be extremely pleasant, the remainder of the evening passed with a chearfulness I had not known since I quitted London.

When I retired with Mrs. Maxwell to her apartment, she dismissed her woman directly, and again embracing me, "Why this is as it should be, my dear child," cried the worthy woman; "If Mr. O'Gorman's reformation is sincere, (and why should it not be so?) you may be the happiest of women."

"I must try to be content with my lot, dear Mrs. Maxwell," said I.

"I will have no must or try in the case, dearest Ellen," replied she, se-

riously. "While this man led the life of a brute, and behaved to you like a tyrant, it would have been absurd to preach to you the propriety and necessity of living with him, and putting up calmly with whatever usage he chose to give you. Duties, like virtues, have their limits; but remember nothing can excuse our not performing a positive duty, and so long as Mr. O'Gorman's conduct to you is decent (to use a phrase you were formerly fond of), you are bound to return his affection by every act of chearful compliance with his will.—Yours, my dear Ellen, is a strong mind, and its energies must be properly directed."

"Mr. O'Gorman shall have no cause to complain of me I hope," returned I.

"I am sure he will not," said Mrs. Maxwell; "and now that I have

ended my sermon, let us talk a little of other things.

"Emma Belmont is in a fair way to become Lady S———, and the hope of her daughter-in-law possessing a title has wrought an amazing alteration in Mrs. Belmont's behaviour to her—instead of Miss Belmont, it is now 'Emma, my love,' at every word; and poor Mr. Belmont, whose only fault is his softness of temper, hugs himself in the idea that Emma's sweet and gentle temper has at length won her mamma's affection, for of Lord S———'s passion for his daughter, I do not believe Mr. Belmont has an idea; his wife, however, is much more keen-sighted, and her studied attention to Lord S———, as well as the pains she takes to draw out Emma's accomplishments, which you know the little girl's timidity renders no easy matter,

convinces me she divines his Lordship's views.

"When you were first missing, Mrs. Belmont and myself had a serious quarrel about you. She did not, for her part, see any business we had to interfere. Mr. O'Gorman was certainly in the right to compel you to return to him, and indeed your conduct in quitting him was highly blameable; it was the duty of a wife to bear with the faults of her husband. 'And it was the pleasure of some men,' I retorted, 'to bear with the faults of their wives.'

"But I hoped Lord S——— would succeed in finding you out, and rescuing you from such treatment as I was sure no one could put up with.

"Mrs. Belmont *politely* observed that there were always two ways of telling a story, and no doubt you had

taken care to tell yours to your own credit.

"I was provoked to say that I was very certain your tale neither wanted or received any embellishments, and I only wished those people who took the liberty of censuring your conduct, would take the trouble of looking over the Peruvian Tales, or rather over an excellent essay in which one of them is abridged. Mrs. Belmont, not a little surprised, asked me what I meant, but I merely replied I would send her the essay I mentioned, with the passage marked that I alluded to.

"You remember the essay, Ellen, it used to be a favourite one of yours."

Perfectly, said I, but as your memory, dear Charlotte, may not be equally retentive, I will, as briefly as I can, explain it to you.

'A beautiful female, called Attaca, is transformed, by a magician, into a

bear, in revenge for her having killed his son, who had violated her chastity. The transformation was to continue till a prince becomes enamoured of her under that shape. This in due course of time happens, and the relenting magician restores Attaca to her pristine form, but as he has sworn that she shall always retain some mark of her transformation, he leaves a lock of the bear on her head, where it is effectually concealed by the redundancy of her beautiful tresses. The wife of the magician, whose vengeance nothing but the death or misery of Attaca could satisfy, teased him incessantly for permitting her to be happy in the possession of a youthful and handsome husband, till at last the magician (who, powerful as he was, did not, as it appeared, possess any spell that would soften his wife's spiteful temper, or stop her tongue,)

weakly betrayed, on her solemn promise not to divulge it, the secret of Attaca's wearing the lock of a bear. The lady, who by the bye was a *little* jesuitical, did not indeed tell it to any one, but she kept repeating aloud to herself, "exquisite Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" Poor Attaca, unable to submit to the contempt with which every body treated her, fled, with her husband, to a distant solitude; here she hoped for tranquillity, but even here the malice of her enemy pursued her, the wife of the magician bestowed on the feather'd race the gift of speech that they might wound the unhappy Attaca by the insulting repetition of "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" Her secret thus divulged, Attaca endured, for a short time, the most mortifying contempt from her companions, and at length fell a victim to the cruelty of her enemies, being killed

by an arrow shot from the bow of one of them.'

Mr. Brewer, the ingenious author of these essays, has deduced from this story an excellent moral. But you will believe that Mrs. Belmont was highly affronted on receiving the volume, (which Mrs. Maxwell took care to send the same day,) at finding the following passages particularly.

'How many an Attaca is there at this hour who flies from place to place, pursued by the whispers of scandal and ill-deserved severity. Methinks I see the wife of the enchanter in the habit of some antiquated prude, and the birds transformed into the babbling visitants of a fashionable rout, crying out together, in one tone, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!"

'After all, I believe the truth is, that there are lights and shades in every character; and if all were examined

at the bar of rigid justice, few would be found who did not carry about them the lock of the bear.'

Though I could not help smiling at the ingenious manner in which Mrs. Maxwell revenged my cause, yet I told her I thought she was too severe.

"Not at all," was her reply; "Mrs. Belmont, indeed, returned the volume, with a note expressive of her indignation, and a declaration that she was fully sensible of the insulting comparison made between her and the wife of the magician. To this note," continued Mrs. Maxwell, "I did not think it worth my while to reply; for your sake I had borne this impertinent woman's fatiguing temper, but I had now lost any inducement to put up with it, and you know I have the happiest knack in the world of *cutting* people whom I don't like."

"But for Emma's sake, dear Mrs.

Maxwell," said I, " I wish you could have continued on terms with Mrs. Belmont."

" Oh, it did not affect the intimacy between Emma and me, in the least," cried she. " Mr. Belmont found her spirits were so low, after your departure, that he begged I would suffer her to be as much with me as possible; and he did muster up spirit enough to turn a deaf ear both to remonstrance and entreaty, from his *gentle* rib, on the subject of Emma's intimacy with a woman who so grossly insulted her; but I do not know whether he would not, at last, have been worried into a prohibition of Emma's visits to me, but for Lord S——'s assiduities, which were very visible, as I before said, to Mrs. Belmont, and she began to think it high time to conciliate the favour of the future Countess of S—— by a degree of attention which per-

fectly astonished Emma, who could not divine her motives. Till I opened the girl's eyes, she was actually simple enough to give her *sweet* mamma credit for a degree of good-nature, and thought all this attention proceeded from a wish to console her for your loss. Lord S—— being your avowed champion, Mrs. Belmont thought proper, all at once, to alter her opinion of your conduct, and you became an amiable, persecuted young creature in whose fate she took the warmest interest. Lord S——, I know, thoroughly despises her, and it is only on Emma's account that he treats Mrs. Belmont with common civility. If I was thirty years younger I would really lay seige to the heart of that cousin of yours, Mrs. O'Gorman, for I should be just as fit for a woman of high fashion as he is for a man of rank, since we both have a most un-

courtly knack on all occasions of speaking our minds."

After a little more chat, I wished Mrs. Maxwell a good night, and retired to my own apartment. The pocket-book I had from Dorothy was still in my possession, and much as I wished to part with it I knew not how I could do so—to restore it to Clairville would be only a means of reviving in his mind recollections which ought to be for ever banished, and beside I knew not where, at that period, he was to be found; he had indeed written twice to Mr. Belmont, during my stay in London, after I had quitted the family, but whether they had heard from him since, I wanted resolution to enquire of Mrs. Maxwell, who, on her part, did not give any opening for me to mention him; Emma in her letter never touched on the subject of his absence, or return.

To part with the pocket-book, was, however an indispensible duty, and I at last determined to give it to Mrs. Maxwell. The next morning we spent in rambling about the surrounding country, and through the garden of my little Paradise, as Mrs. Maxwell termed it. When we retired after dinner, with as much indifference as I could assume, I gave her the history of the pocket-book, and taking it out, "I do not think it proper for me," said I, "to retain it—would you, dear Mrs. Maxwell, give it to Mr. Belmont"—— for Clairville, I would have said, but the keen eye of my friend, at that moment fixed on mine, prevented my finishing the sentence.

"Yes, surely, dear Ellen," cried she, "I will take charge of it for you, though its return to Clairville must, I fancy, be deferred; he writes Mr. Belmont, from Wales, that he is agai.

about to visit America, but he does not say there is any likelihood of his friends in London seeing him before the voyage."

I cannot tell you, dear Charlotte, the effect these words produced on me; amiable and unfortunate Clairville, thought I, art thou for ever destined to be a wanderer over the face of the earth; oh! would to heaven that we had never met. Mrs. Maxwell too kind and considerate to notice the sadness which, spite of myself, stole over me, now began to give me an account of our quondam acquaintance, Mrs. Mortimer.

"Mr. Mortimer had for years back suffered her to follow her own inclinations in every respect, you know," said she, "but at the time of their marriage, the lady, circumstanced as she was, could not stipulate for a settlement, and her conduct afterwards was not

calculated to induce Mr. Mortimer to provide handsomely for her; however, as he had no near relations, his wife always flattered herself with the hope that she should inherit the bulk of his fortune.

"This hope had latterly been a little shaken by his avowed partiality for a gentleman, whose father had been his intimate friend; but Mr. Mortimer's knowledge of the son was very slight.

"You know it is one of Mortimer's peculiarities to walk about in a very plain, or rather, I should say, shabby dress. In one of these rambles he found himself suddenly taken ill, and leaned for support against the wall of a tavern.

"A gentleman who sat near the window, perceived him, and coming out, enquired whether he was indisposed, at the same time asking him to

come in, and take something, which Mr. Mortimer did.

"The gentleman, who was taking his wine after an early dinner, enquired whether he had dined, and displayed much friendly solicitude about him.

"Mr. Mortimer, who saw the stranger concluded from his dress, that he was poor, acted his part to admiration, and while he shewed by his manners that he was a gentleman, he took care neither to mention his name or circumstances.

"As he had not dined, he accepted the stranger's offer of taking some refreshment; and when he rose to go, and called the waiter, his new friend peremptorily insisted on settling his reckoning, adding at the same time, 'I have to apologize, sir, for the liberty I am about to take with you; but I fear the world has not used you quite so well as I am willing to think

you deserve. I am just returned from abroad with a fortune which is more than sufficient for my own wants.'

" He sighed, while he added, ' My only happiness is to contribute to that of others, and if I can be of service to you, command me freely.'

" He put a card into the hand of Mr. Mortimer, who, looking at it, exclaimed, ' Maynard! Why are you the son of Jack Maynard, of ——— in Kent?'

" ' The very same,' cried the gentleman. ' Did you then know my father?'

" ' My dear boy,' said Mr. Mortimer, ' he was my intimate friend. Why, Jack and I were like brothers; and if I had not been out of England when he died, you should have no occasion to go abroad, I promise you.— What! don't you recollect Bob Mortimer, who once knocked you down

when you were a boy, for treading on his gouty toe?'

"'Mr. Mortimer!' cried Maynard. 'Is it possible?—My dear sir, I beg ten thousand pardons for'——

"'Having humanity, aye, boy?' interrupted Mr. Mortimer. 'You very naturally concluded from my dress, that I was a distressed man, and I am equally as grateful for your wish to serve me as if I had been so. As the son of Jack Maynard, you have an hereditary claim on my friendship; but I am sorry to hear you say your happiness depends on doing good to others. Some foolish love business I suppose—or perhaps you are married?'

"'I never shall have that happiness, my dear sir,' cried Maynard.

"'Why really I believe you would dispense with the *happiness* for the sake of your liberty, if you knew as much of the holy state as I do,' replied Mortimer; 'but as Sir Oliver

says, " Old friends should not begin upon grievances at their first meeting," as you are a bachelor, you can have no objection to become my guest in ——— Square.'

" Maynard assented, and Mr. Mortimer soon became so partial to him, that he would not hear of Maynard's leaving his house, which he declared he had never liked since he married, before the arrival of his young favourite.

" Mrs. Mortimer saw Maynard's influence with concern, and would even have condescended to disappoint some of her dear friends, and spend a few evenings *tête-a-tête* with her husband, in order to counteract it; but her efforts were fruitless. Mr. Mortimer directly made his will, and six weeks after, an apoplectic fit gave Maynard the sole possession of his splendid fortune, a decent provision

for his widow, and a few legacies to old servants only excepted.

"Maynard's own circumstances were easy, and from what I have seen of him, I am sure he sincerely regretted his generous benefactor.

"He doubled the legacies, and made some addition to Mrs. Mortimer's jointure; but Maynard is a philosopher, though not of the new school, and he thought that it would be a better way of applying his friend's bounty to use it in relieving the distressed, than to gratify Mrs. Mortimer with the means of continuing her senseless career of dissipation.

"You may well suppose she was outrageous on finding Mr. Mortimer had disposed of his fortune in a manner so contrary to her wishes; but policy (of which she never loses sight) pointed out to her the necessity of conciliating his heir, whose offered

bounty she rather ungraciously accepted, as she did not scruple to say, she thought Mr. Maynard might have the generosity to make her jointure in some degree adequate to her former mode of life.

"He was, however, firm in resisting her wishes, and she acts the part of a disconsolate widow solely for her own amusement, since, as it is well known that she no longer has it in her power to give excellent dinners and suppers, she is completely cut by a certain set."

"One cannot pity her," said I; "but your mentioning the name of Maynard brings to my mind a story in some degree connected with the pocket-book." And I then gave her the heads of poor Maria Wilmot's little history.

"I would almost lay a wager 'tis the same," cried she. "I used, you know, to be much with Mr. Mor-

timer, and I once remarked to him, in Maynard's absence, what pity it was so fine a young man should apparently be a victim to some concealed affliction.

" ' Poor Henry!' said he, ' his lot has been a hard one. Before he left England, his affections and his hand were engaged to a young lady with whose brother he was on the most intimate terms of friendship; but he had not been long abroad when this gentleman suddenly returned from India, and lost his life in a duel. His sister, who was at the time in a weak state of health, on hearing her brother's dreadful fate, was deprived of her senses, and died in a short period. This news blighted poor Maynard's hopes of happiness. His indeed may well be called a widowed heart, for I do not think it can ever own another flame.' "

From this account we both con-

cluded Maria's lover and Mr. Mortimer's heir were the same, and I could not help regretting that Maynard, formed (as from Mrs. Maxwell's account I thought he was) for domestic happiness, must henceforth find life a blank.

"I shall quarrel with you, Ellen, if you talk so," said Mrs. Maxwell; "I do not doubt that some amiable woman will in time occupy the place Maria held in his affections."

"But I doubt it," cried I.

"I could forgive a boarding-school girl for such a speech," replied she; "but with the opinion I have of your understanding I cannot tolerate your cherishing such a romantic idea. Love is a passion by no means invincible, unless we chuse to render it so by weakly submitting to its controul; and in that case, I admit, in minds of a high-wrought and romantic turn, it

may soon gain a dangerous ascendancy. But Maynard's is not a mind of this class. His feelings, though keen, are governed by reason; and even if he should not make another choice, yet the extensive power his now noble fortune affords him of benefiting his fellow creatures, will in time render him, if not happy, at least content."

Though I did not quite coincide with my sensible friend, I did not chuse to dispute the point; and I left her to her repose.

CHAP. XV.

Illness and Death of Mr. O'Gorman—I return to London—Most affectionately received by Mr. Belmont and his daughter—Lord S——— proposes for Emma, and is accepted—I venture a second time to put on the fetters of Hymen.—Conclusion.

Mr. O'Gorman for some days conducted himself with very great propriety. He now and then indeed did go to the very verge of sobriety, but he never indulged in absolute intoxica-

tion; and I was not disposed to be fastidious.

I will own to you, dear Charlotte, my struggle was a severe one; I had unconsciously indulged a passion for Clairville, which most undoubtedly was of the purest nature, since his virtues and misfortunes had first given rise to it.

I am aware that you, whose conduct has always been strictly correct, will not, with the cold prudery of some women, exclaim at the heinousness of my feeling a regard for any man beside my husband.

Had I suspected the nature of my sentiments for Clairville in the early stages of my unhappy passion, I might have found it an easy matter to conquer it; but now the task was difficult indeed.

The society of Mrs. Maxwell I found, as I had imagined, of infinite

service. Mr. O'Gorman was delighted with her, and to do him justice, did every thing in his power to make our time pass pleasantly.

One day Mr. O'Gorman rode out for a few miles, and we declined accompanying him. On his return, I saw with surprise, that he looked pale, which I never recollected his doing before, for his countenance had a settled redness from habitual intemperance.

I asked if he was ill, and he replied in the negative, but said he felt a coldness and pain at his stomach. "In fact," continued he, "I have done a foolish thing. Feeling myself thirsty, I stopped at a cottage, (the only one indeed I met with during my ride,) and asked for a glass of water. A woman presented me with a very large one, which I swallowed unthinkingly,

and I fancy it has disordered me a little."

"Good Heavens!" cried I, "how could you be so thoughtless?" And ringing for a servant, I ordered some brandy directly.

"The last prescription I should have expected from you, Ellen," said Mr. O'Gorman, smiling.

When it was brought, I poured out some, and begged him to drink it.

"Nay," said he, gaily, "if you allow me."

"Oh," replied I, "I know it will do you good! and if it did not, you should not have it."

"I believe that—I do believe that," replied he, with an affectionate earnestness.

He drank the brandy, and for the remainder of the evening, appeared as usual.

In the middle of the night, he rang—I rose instantly, and went to his room. I was terrified to find that he could hardly speak to me.

The town of ——— fortunately was very near us, and thither I instantly dispatched a servant for a physician who resided there.

When he came, I begged to know the worst.

"I am sorry to tell you, madam," replied he, "that the gout has flown to Mr. O'Gorman's stomach, and I fear there is little chance of his recovery; but while life remains, we cannot be said to be devoid of hope."

The shock I received on hearing this opinion was very great. I now bitterly blamed myself for ever having opposed a re-union with my husband; and but for Mrs. Maxwell, I know not how I should have supported my reflections.

That kind and attentive friend endeavoured by every argument to reconcile me to myself.

"Your self-condemnation would be just, dear child," cried the worthy woman, "if you had obstinately persisted in living separate from Mr. O'Gorman; but you refused unconditional liberty, and acceded to remain with him on terms equally advantageous, or indeed more so to himself than you, since the benefit he gained by relinquishing his intemperate habits, must be obvious; whatever, therefore, may take place, remember, dearest Ellen, you have nothing to reproach yourself with."

For some time after the doctor arrived, Mr. O'Gorman had lain in a stupor. At last, opening his eyes, he faintly said, "Who is there?"

I replied, and took his hand in mine.

"I am glad you are here, my Ellen," said he; "I believe I have wandered, for I thought you left me."

"That I will not do while you continue ill," cried I.

"You are very good, my love. I do not believe I shall be long a trouble to you," replied he.

"Oh! do not say so," cried I; "Heaven I hope will still spare you."

He made no reply, but appeared to slumber, and till the next day there was no visible change.

When Doctor ——— came the next morning, Mr. O'Gorman begged his candid opinion, which he gave in the same terms he had done to me.

Mr. O'Gorman heard the sentence with calmness, and desired I might be called. I had left the room at his request, when Doctor ——— came.

"I was right, my dear Ellen," said he, when I entered, "in saying I

should not long be a trouble to you; it is the doctor's opinion I cannot recover."

I burst into tears, but endeavouring to check them, said, "We must have more advice. I dispatched an express yesterday to London for Doctor L——, and from his skill I hope every thing."

"You must not deceive yourself, my love," said he; "I feel I cannot recover. I bless Heaven and you for the little interval of rationality I have allowed myself latterly. Was it the will of the Almighty to spare me, I would indeed lead a different life."

He paused, and I ventured to ask whether I should send for a clergyman; to which he readily assented.

"My spiritual concerns are indeed all I have to think of," said he. "My will has been altered since we came here. You will not be rich, Ellen;

but what I had to bequeath is yours; and to your moderate and contented spirit it will, I know, be sufficient for happiness. I have thought your cousin, Lord S———, felt for you a warmer sentiment than that your consanguinity alone might be supposed to excite; for though almost a stranger to you, he took up your cause with more than a brother's warmth. Of your honour I never entertained a doubt; but if my suspicions of his attachment were just, you cannot make a better choice."

I briefly told him Lord S———'s situation with Emma Belmont, and assured him that in what he did for me Lord S——— had been actuated only by the natural warmth and kindness of his temper.

Mr. O'Gorman now begged me to leave him a little, and when he again rang, that he would wish to see Mrs.

Maxwell. I obeyed, and in about a quarter of an hour she went up to him. He thanked her for all her former kindness to me, and said, he knew she would take a mother's share in my present trial. He conversed with her for about half an hour, and she came down stairs bathed in tears. She told me afterwards that he bitterly deplored his former conduct to me, and expressed himself with a degree of sensibility which must have moved any heart not absolutely callous.

In the evening the clergyman came, and staid with Mr. O'Gorman something more than an hour, and the next day Doctor L——— arrived from London. His opinion was the same as that of Doctor ———, and they agreed a few hours would probably decide their patient's fate.

In the evening Mr. O'Gorman expressed a desire that I should read

prayers to him, with which I readily complied. When I had finished, he said, suddenly, "I have never asked you, Ellen, whether you forgive me?"

"Oh! can you for a moment doubt it?" cried I. "God knows my heart —I do. And will you, in your turn, forgive me?"

"I have nothing, dearest Ellen, to pardon," said he, "I only was to blame; and had I lived, I would indeed have tried to make you some amends. Entirely to atone for the past, never could have been in my power; but we must seal our reconciliation."

I stooped to embrace him. He threw his arms around me, and expired without a groan. Mrs. Maxwell, who sat at the other side of the bed, rang immediately for assistance, and I was conveyed senseless from the room.

As soon as Mr. O'Gorman's recovery had been declared impossible, Mrs. Maxwell wrote to my cousin; and I was but just recovered from my fainting fit, when I found myself clasped in the arms of Lord S———. When I became a little composed, he entreated I would leave every thing as to the arrangements necessary to be made, to him, and set out for London with my friend Mrs. Maxwell.

I wished the body might be sent to the family vault in Ireland, and he promised it should.

Mrs. Maxwell joined in my cousin's persuasions, and as I could no longer be of service, I complied with their request.

Lord S——— sent a trusty servant of his with us to town; and when we reached Mrs. Maxwell's house, Emma Belmont was waiting our arrival.

The dear girl rushed into my arms, and for some time, we mingled tears and embraces without speaking.

Mrs. Maxwell, at last, almost forcibly separated us, and I had leisure to observe, that short as my absence had been, there was a wonderful improvement in Emma's person. She was taller, and more womanly than I expected; but she still retained that air of ingenuous simplicity which in her was peculiarly fascinating.

Mr. Belmont had desired to be informed of our arrival, if I was well enough to see him; and as soon as we were a little composed, Emma, at my desire, sent a note to her father, who came directly.

The good man folded me to his bosom with parental kindness, and told me he should not consent to lose his daughter in a hurry again, for he had missed me almost as much as Emma

did, who he really believed would have been quite crazy from her fears on my account, but for my cousin, who never abandoned the hope of my being restored to my friends.

The smile which accompanied Mr. Belmont's words, convinced me he was at last in the secret of Lord S———'s passion for his daughter, whose blushes, and the timid glance she stole at me, while she said his Lordship had been very kind, proved my cousin had no reason to despair.

When Lord S——— had settled every thing necessary to be done, he followed us to London.

Mrs. Maxwell was absent when he arrived, and I received him alone.

We both joined in giving Mr. O'Gorman credit for the sincerity of his intentions as to a reformation; and Lord S———, at my desire, promised to procure an agent to receive the

rents of that part of Mr. O'Gorman's property which he had left me, in addition to the small settlement made upon me at our marriage. I found it as he had said, I should not be rich, but had more than sufficient for my wishes.

Destitute as I was of all taste for the glare of life, at Lord S———'s request, I promised to take up my residence with him and Emma, as soon as she became Lady S———, which he hoped, he said, would be no distant period.

"Your absence, dear Ellen," cried he, "though it cost me much anxiety on your account, was highly favourable to my cause. Emma, who really possesses a degree of sensibility for which I adore her, fretted herself almost ill about you. Mrs. Maxwell did every thing she could to console her; and you may be sure I did not scruple to hold out daily hopes that we should

soon discover your retreat, and when we did, I vowed, if it cost me my whole fortune, I would rescue you. Day after day however passed, and though no intelligence of you could be gained, I still contrived to keep Emma's hopes alive.

"I now had daily access to her at her father's, as well as at Mrs. Maxwell's, and that, let me tell you, is a great point gained when a man wants to insinuate himself into the heart of his mistress.

"My mother's illness prevented my calling at Mrs. Belmont's for two days. On the third, when I went, Emma, who you know is as innocent as a child, held out her hand to me with an appearance of pleasure, and with the utmost *naiveté*, said she was *so* glad to see me.

"Had I expected her to be in love with me, I should have been terribly

disappointed, for the unembarrassed ease of her manner convinced me, though she was glad to see me, my absence had not cost her any pangs. I hoped, however, in time, to make myself of more consequence to her, and I think I have succeeded. 'Tis true, she neither starts nor trembles when I make my appearance, but my society gives her pleasure, and when I stay away, she owns there is something wanting. In short," said he, laughing, "we are *sensible* people of course—not romantic lovers; but my Emma's affection for me is sufficient to enable her to make a good wife, and I intend to be quite exemplary in my conduct, I assure you, when I commence Benedict."

"I am sure you will," said I, "and I woul stake my life that Emma renders you happy."

The following morning Mrs. Bel-

mont paid me a visit. She had called once before, but I was slightly indisposed, and did not see her.

Nothing could be more obsequious than her behaviour; so extremely civil and polite indeed did she think proper to be, that it was quite a relief to me when she took her leave; and Emma, who remained with me, observed with a smile, there was a wonderful change in Mrs. Belmont's behaviour of late.

Mrs. Dalton, who had been out of town when I arrived, was now returned, and sent up her name just as Mrs. Belmont went.

You may suppose she was directly admitted, and I would take no denial to her stopping the day.

She was *so* glad of my return, and *so* rejoiced to think that I had fulfilled my duty, and *so* certain my future days would be happy, that for

some time, she did not think of Emma, whom she had frequently seen at Mrs. Maxwell's.

I had no opportunity of any private conversation with Miss Belmont that day, but I begged to see her the next morning.

She did not come till late. "I have been hindered being here sooner by so many impertinent people," cried she, as she entered. "Why must Mrs. Maxwell wholly engross you, dear Ellen? Has not my father an equal right to his other daughter, and is it not possible for me to prevail on you to come and pass a few months at our house?"

"I will pass as many as you please," answered I.

"Will you?" cried she, throwing her arms round my neck.

"Yes," replied I, "as soon as you are Lady S———."

Poor Emma let me go, and blushed like scarlet.

"My dear girl," said I, "I would on no account distress you; and if you really felt no preference for my cousin, dear as his happiness is to me, I would not plead for him; but I don't think that is the case."

I paused.

The ingenuous Emma owned she liked Lord S——— better than she once thought she could any body; but she did not love him, that is, not as——. And she hastily stopped, while her face was covered with blushes.

"My dearest Emma," said I, "I can well believe that you do not feel a romantic preference for Lord S———; but can you, on examining your heart, say whether you do not think, if he behaved to you with af-

fection and respect, you could be happy as his wife?"

She paused, and then answered, "Yes, I am sure I could; but will he be satisfied with the sentiment I feel? Amiable as he is, may he not expect a warmer regard from the woman he honours with his hand?"

"I will answer for it, he will accept of yours on your own terms with transport," replied I; "and now my cousin may speak to *our* papa, Emma—may he not?"

She hid her face in my bosom, and said, "You do with me as you please."

From this time, Lord S——— visited at Mr. Belmont's as Emma's accepted lover, to the very great delight of Mrs. Belmont, whose whole circle of acquaintance were soon informed of the circumstance.

Lady S———'s consent to her son's

marriage was most ungraciously given. She, however, at his desire, condescended to see Emma and me, and regretted that business obliged her to go immediately to Ireland, where she should remain for some time.

We were, of course, equally *sorry* and equally *sincere*, and the visit ended in formal civility on all sides.

Six months had now passed away, and I will own, though the name of Clairville never passed my lips, it was often in my thoughts. I wondered nobody ever mentioned him; not even Mr. Belmont, who used to delight in talking about him.

A young Baronet, a friend of Lord S———, who had dined three or four times at Mr. Belmont's, in company with me, did me the honour to make proposals to Lord S——— for my hand. He owned it was yet early days, but he only wished to know

if my heart was disengaged; and he would chearfully wait my own time.

Lord S———, lover-like, betrayed his friend's secret to Emma before he mentioned the matter to me, and she, for reasons of her own, told it to her father, who came to Mrs. Maxwell's directly.

I was alone, and he said he was glad of it, for he had something particular to say to me.

"I do not know whether my future son-in-law will forgive my anticipating his intelligence though," cried he, "but I will afterwards tell you my reason for so doing. Young as you are, dear Ellen," continued Mr. Belmont, "it is natural to suppose you will make a second choice, and an excellent offer at this moment waits your acceptance."

He then laid before me the Ba-

ronet's proposals, and his declaration that he would wait my own time.

I assured Mr. Belmont that Sir William D——'s suit was an hopeless one, since, obliged as I felt myself by his preference, I could never become his wife.

Mr. Belmont seemed pleased, though not surprised at my answer, and said, "To tell you the truth, I hoped for this reply.—Have you never wondered what was become of your old friend Clairville?"

I wish, dear Charlotte, you had seen me at that moment. A painter who wanted to personify confusion, could not have had a better subject.

Mr. Belmont maliciously waited my reply. At last I stammered out, "Why yes, sir; I thought I—I"——

Not a single word more could I say, but Mr. Belmont afterwards told me I had said enough.

"The moment," continued he, "that

George heard of Mr. O'Gorman's death, he wrote to me, and owned his passion for you. You were now free, and in time, might return it; but knowing, as he did, your delicacy, he wished some few months to pass before he would presume, he said, to lay his proposals before you, and in the mean time, he *civilly* requested me, for his sake, to become a sort of male duenna to your ladyship, and to inform him the moment any competitor for the prize appeared. By this time, however, I believe he would have ventured to leave a card at your door, but for the serious illness of a very particular friend at whose seat in Westmoreland he now is, though I am conscious he would not be there three hours longer if he knew the formidable rival that has started up in his way to happiness."

You know, dear Charlotte, I am

above disguise, and I did not attempt to conceal from Mr. Belmont, my prepossession in Clairville's favour; at the same time, I said it was my intention to pay every proper respect to the memory of Mr. O'Gorman.

"Clairville is the last man who would wish you to do otherwise," said Mr. Belmont. "And now I think I must go home, and tell Emma she is released from an interdiction not to mention Clairville to you, and very welcome news it will be to her I am sure, for she has longed to break it for the last three months."

Emma came to me directly, and I saw, with the greatest delight, that in embracing and congratulating me on the prospects of happiness which now opened to me, her ingenuous heart felt no sensation but pleasure.

I pressed the affectionate girl in my arms, and I fancy she divined something of what was passing in my

thoughts, for with a blush and a smile, she said, "I do not tell you I should have been as glad of this *once*, for I was very foolish, you know; but indeed, indeed I do now with all my heart rejoice to think that you will render Clairville as happy as he deserves to be."

Mrs. Maxwell now came in, and Emma immediately told her what had passed.

I found Clairville's passion was no secret to her, for Mr. Belmont had communicated it in confidence, as soon as he knew it himself.

Her congratulations were equally affectionate and sincere; and in the evening Lord S——— made his ap pearance.

"So there are no hopes for my poor friend, I find, Ellen," said he. "Faith I am sorry for the poor fellow—he's completely caught I assure you; but

it can't be help'd. And papa Belmont assures me this Clairville is a phenomenon."

I gave Mrs. Maxwell a hint to change the subject, which she did by enquiring when he had heard from his mother.

He replied, not for some time; and he then begged we would join him in petitioning Emma for an early day.

She would fain have refused till I had "blanched my sables," but Lord S——— said (I had almost owned swore, though that was a vice I never knew him guilty of,) that mortal patience could not brook such a delay, and at our united entreaties the dear girl consented to become Lady S——— on that day month, if her father and Mrs. Belmont had no objection. You may be sure they made none.

In two days, I had a letter from Clairville. His friend, who I found

was Mr. Maynard, recovered, he said, very fast, and he only waited my permission to shew himself in London—a permission which Mrs. Maxwell said, smiling, common civility obliged me to grant.

I will spare you a description of our first meeting, which, to say the truth, was a little awkward on both sides; but the first embarrassment over, I will frankly own to you I felt a pleasure which, till then, I had never experienced—to see Clairville seated at my side, his fine eyes fixed on me with the most insinuating tenderness, while happy in the consciousness of his affection, I dared without a pang acknowledge to myself that he possessed my whole heart.

You, my dear Charlotte, who have loved, can conceive my happiness.

Lord S——— was delighted with Clairville, and he, in return, was no

less pleased with his Lordship, who was the very man he declared that he would have selected as a husband for Emma.

My cousin's nuptials took place at the appointed time, and immediately afterwards, the new married pair, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Maxwell, Clairville, and myself, set out for his Lordship's country seat, where we spent a month.

On our return to town, Clairville introduced to me Mr. Maynard as his particular friend.

I had felt interested for Maynard before I saw him, and that interest was considerably heightened by his prepossessing manners, and elegant person.

I still remained at Lord S——'s, who, as well as Emma, had loaded me with wedding presents; nor would my papa Belmont be refused the plea-

sure of fastening a superb pair of bracelets on the arms of his daughter Ellen.

The dowager Lady S——— still remained in Ireland, equally, I believe, to my satisfaction and Emma's.

Clairville now, as I had laid aside my weeds, began to plead for an early day; and when I preached to him the virtue of patience, he exhibited some symptoms of the opposite quality, which I observed did no credit to his former system of philosophy.

He reminded me, laughing, of 'the abominable selfishness of human nature;' and Lord S———, who declared he never was half so happy in his life, contrived to get Emma and Mrs. Maxwell to join Clairville and him in worrying me so effectually, that for mere peace sake, I was obliged to consent.

Never was union formed under hap-

pier auspices, and never was union more happy.

Clairville's mind has recovered its former tone; his relish for simple and domestic pleasures accords with mine.

Our income is sufficiently ample to afford us every rational enjoyment, and to allow a surplus for the purpose of benevolence.

Lord and Lady S———, though in higher life, are as old-fashioned a couple as ourselves. With them and Mrs. Maxwell, as well as my other estimable friend Mrs. Dormer, we keep up the strictest intimacy.

Mr. Belmont finds in his daughter's affectionate and dutiful attentions, a balm for domestic unhappiness, and Lord S——— performs the duties of a son to him as scrupulously as if he really was one.

Mr. Maynard has been much with us since our marriage. He is much

attached to Clairville, who was his earliest friend. At present he declares against matrimony, and I think is likely to keep his word.

My boy, who, you know, is now three months old, was baptized Henry Maynard Clairville, and Mr. Maynard insists upon a father's right to provide for his adopted son.

Some time after our marriage, I told Clairville the history of the pocket-book.

He was deeply affected, but he insisted on my retaining it. On the New Year's Day, which took place soon after, he presented me with a portrait of himself.

I felt the delicate attention he shewed me in giving it to me on that day. But I must not be so unfashionable as to entertain you with the attentions I receive from my husband.

Dorothy and her good man were, at

my recommendation, taken into the service of Lord and Lady S———.

Emma had always a taste for flowers, and she declares, that in Dorothy's husband, I have given her a perfect treasure.

I have now, my dear Charlotte, to request that you will recollect your promise of spending some time with me, as soon as I had sent you my narrative. Come, my dear friend, and by your presence, add to that felicity for which I daily and humbly thank the Giver of all good.

THE END.

J. Dennett, Printer, Leather Lane, London.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 046418049